The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DOWN BY THE MILL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Down by the mill where the butter-cups grew,
Giving the meadows a golden hue—
Another Field of the Cloth of Gold,
Like that in England's history told—
Oft I wandered when life was new,
Down by the mill where the butter-cups grew.

The little live brook ran rippling by,—
Which was the happiest, it or I?
The breeze with a ceaseless summer sound,
Like an airy river flowed around,
And the happy woods thrilled through and through,
Down by the mill where the butter-cups grew.

Overhead the sky, like a bright blue bay,
Shored by the hill-tops, wound away;
Early the evening shadows fell
Cool across that beautiful dell;
Long on the grass lay the morning dew,
Down by the mill where the butter-cups grew.

Never the hours shall be forgot
That I lived in that lonely and lovely spot.
Oh! for a breath of the fragrant air
That I know is softly blowing there!
For a single hour of the peace I knew,
Down by the mill where the butter-cups grew.

G. J.

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"PUT THIS AROUND YOU, AND COME WITH ME."

CHAPTER V.

MILDRED.

Startled at my footsteps, a crouching figure rose before me, and with a cry that died into a moan I sank upon the floor beside it. "Save me, oh, save me!" My voice came from my dry throat in such a deathly whisper that I dreaded lest I might not be heard, and I clutched the dress of the woman I had startled and clung to her in an agony that knew no reason.

"Miss Mildred, are you ill? what is it?" I knew the voice as Ellen's, a quiet-looking woman to whom I had never spoken and but seldom seen, whose office seemed to be to make Mrs. Tyrrell comfortable in her easy chair, and who never appeared except to assist her in moving. As she generally came down while I was out for my morning ride, and never came to the drawing-room till I had retired, I saw her only once or twice in a fortnight. But now I caught her hand and clung about her as if she had been my good angel. She was a little woman with a noiseless manner and a firm hand and will. I had noticed this before in her way of arranging her mistress's cushions, without regard to the irritable remonstrances on her part. Her voice too was peculiar, full and deep-toned, it was always gentle and pitiful; and when in direct opposition to her patient's replaing murmurs she had smoothed and patted the pillows to her own fancy, she would say softly, "You will be better now," and Mrs. Tyrrell would sink into them perfectly content.

Now she lost no time in questions, but putting her arm about me, raised and held me steadily.

"I am going to take you to my room," she said; "you have been dreaming and are sorely frightened. Still we must not alarm the house."

We went down a few steps until we reached a small archway on the landing, which opened on a passage where a pretty colored lamp was swinging, and stopped before a partly opened door. We entered and she locked it, and helping me toward a little sofa, laid me down and threw a coverlid over me before she spoke.

"Don't move, Miss Mildred, please, I am going to get you a draught, a very simple one that any physician would give you."

While she mixed it, she stood near and kept her cheerful face turned to me, with a pleasant, steady light about it that I clung to and seemed to drink in strength and courage from.

"I was with Mrs. Tyrrell," she went on saying. "Mr. Ralph returned to-night, and they sat talking very late. Coming down again I lingered by the window watching the rising moon, and that was why you found me there. Drink this, and let me sit beside you."

I had fallen into a shuddering chill that shook me frightfully, and the goblet she held towards me would have dropped from my hand but that she caught it and held it to my lips. I drank it and fell back upon her shoulder, and she sat holding me thus, firmly and tenderly till, quiet and exhausted, I lay watching her almost peacefully.

I do not know whether I could have been able to have borne the terrible vision I had seen in my own bosom secretly. An hour before I knew no one in the wide world I could confide in; now this kindly woman drew me towards her and I told her all. She listened at first reluctantly and tried to soothe me into silence, but all in a moment, as I tried to picture to her the being I had seen, her clear, full eye caught mine and held it.

"You must sleep," she said, and that was all. She brought me pillows, and gave me another draught, and sitting close beside me, watched me until I lost her face in misty nothingness and slumbered.

Opening from my own room, by a door I had never used, there was a little chamber, that might have been a maid's apartment in some former time but was now untenanted. Thither, just as the day was breaking, I followed Ellen, who had roused me gently and told me in a word or two, my fright had better not be known; that if I would trust myself to her, she would conceal it all, and I need do nothing but try to rest. I was only half conscious and everything around me seemed cloudy and indistinct; but I was perfectly quiet, and relied on her entirely. As I crossed my own threshold a returning horror seized me, but she hurried me through and closed the door. A great fire was blazing here, and she wheeled a couch beside it. A numb sleepiness that in moving I had to struggle against, conquered every other feeling, and I lost myself in a deep quiet.

"Mildred!"

The voice seemed to come from a distance, with a faint worrying sound that I tried to shrink from and throw off. But its steady tone pierced my slumber, and I woke and found my little room flooded with sunshine, clear, warm, and Ellen standing beside me.

"Get up, Miss Mildred, please, and dress. Eunice being ill, I have come to wait on you with Mrs. Tyrrell's permission. They are expecting you in the parlor. Say you have been ill. They will see it in your face, and you can be quiet. Come to your room when you are weary: I will attend to you when you need me."

She guided my wandering hands in dressing, and smoothed my dress as skillfully as she did everything else. Passing through my chamber to the hall, I found my bed tossed as if I had slept there, and a servant kneeling at my hearth laying a fire.

"No, Winters," said Ellen, "don't light the fire till the draught is fixed. The smoke has made Miss Tyrrell's head ache—and she will occupy the little room till it is set to rights."

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER.

Just as I reached the drawing-room door Mr. Tyrrell opened it, and met me with the same unvarying smile and easy courtesy, that I had associated with him in our first meeting.

"Not well," he said, "my mother told me I should find you blooming; where are your roses, Mildred?"

I was saying, in reply, that I had been very well, that my pale face was owing to a headache, when my eyes rested on the hand which held mine—just below the thumb was a faint purple mark, scarcely a scar, such as a knife would make, more like a welt with the skin raised and thickened in a half-circle. Catching my glance, he drew his hand away in a quick, nervous manner, and let his shirt-frill fall above it.

When he spoke again, I was sitting near his mother, under her questioning eye, and I think his voice had changed a little; it seemed to lose its soft and even tone, and to be sharp and hurried.

"Where does Mildred sleep?" he asked.

"In the alcove room; it was refitted for her, as you know. What does it matter now?"

"Nothing of course," he said, and smiled his old smile. "I feared she might be lonely, her maid being sick, and her chamber disconnected from the rest."

I shuddered as he spoke. I tried to command myself, but found it impossible, and shook from head to foot. Their eyes, both mother and son's, looked into mine and neither spoke a word. A deadly fear of them possessed me suddenly, and I rose with the intent to hurry from the room. He saw my object and prevented me.

"Allow me to ring for you," he said. "You have been ill, indeed worse than we thought, and are still quite weak. A glass of water for Miss Tyrrell."

The servant, who had answered the bell, returned again, bringing the water. He took it from her and held it to my lips. I was chilly with dread, and the cold water was distasteful to me; but I drank it all, because I feared the hand that gave it to me. I could see them in the silence that ensued look at each other: then they spoke again as pleasantly and naturally as ever, and overwhelmed me with kind attentions.

"Mildred must not sit in that uneasy chair," said Mrs. Tyrrell. Arrange these cushions, Ralph—here by the hearth—so, that will do. Now, Mildred, child, be comfortable. Ralph does not look for ceremony now."

I was very silent. When I tried to speak, my thoughts became confused before I could form them into words. But of this they seemed unconscious, and talked to me and to each other about my approaching marriage as if it had been planned and settled for years. Alone with Mrs. Tyrrell, I had accepted this as part of my life, that fate and circumstance had wrought, and I had merely to assent to: now with her son beside me, it became painful and distressing. But as in all things, their will made it inevitable.

"Your uncle Robert being lately dead," said Mrs. Tyrrell, "Ralph would prefer a quiet wedding and a long tour abroad for your sake, Mildred, who have much to see and learn."

"No, mother, Mildred shall arrange it all. Mr. Jennings does not arrive till to-morrow, and before then I have no doubt she will have settled on the best of plans." He said this, bowing with elaborate gallantry, and smiled upon me, though something in me made me shrink and quail before him, and he must have read aversion in my glance. To be away from them and think without their searching eyes on me was the one wish that raged in me like a strong fever.

I had seen a mark on his right hand such as the spectre bore on hers. Oh, to decipher it and know why that dread vision should come back from the grave to warn me! If I could but see Ellen! In the few past hours she had become to me a hope and refuge; fear and distrust of every one else filled me. She had listened with an attention that was not all surprise, and said nothing. She had lived here years on years, and knew the history of the family. If I could only implore her to speak!

All this was in my mind while they were talking of foreign places and jotting them down as a guide for the wedding trip. They appealed to me ceaselessly, and that my confused, distracted answers filled them with suspicion I could see, not in their tone or manner, but in the glances they exchanged. A little before dinner Mr. Tyrrell left us; and after he had gone I rose, and murmuring something that "I needed rest and a few hours' sleep would cure my headache," I tried to reach the door. But Mrs. Tyrrell intercepted me and rung the bell.

"You are looking pale," she said, "and while your maid is ill I cannot think of leaving you alone. I've had the little chamber within mine put in nice order for you, that I may feel you are well cared for."

My cold lips parted and I strove to speak, but all the thought I knew was this: "My God, I am a prisoner!"

She answered my mute wretchedness as if it had been gratitude.

"No, no, I need no thanks. Ralph's wife deserves every thought of mine."

The door opened, and Ellen entered in answer to the summons.

"Miss Tyrrell and I dine at my apartment to-day," said her mistress. "Give me your arm and we will go at once. Come, Mildred, you shall put on a loose robe and rest at ease. We have so much that is interesting to be discussed that we cannot be bored by Ralph. Let him dine alone to-day."

In leaving the room she lingered till I had passed before her, and then followed leaning on Ellen's shoulder. So we crossed the hall to where her chamber opened. It was on the ground floor, and as the door closed upon me my heart died within me in inexplicable fear. Her duties accomplished, and Mrs. Tyrrell's chair and cushions being smoothed and patted Ellen left us, but returned to lay the cloth. I could not lie down, disquieted as I was, it was impossible to rest. I had taken up a portfolio of foreign views, but bending over them had met those watchful eyes.

"That's wise, that's wise," she said, "choose for yourself which you will visit; but remember they do not always look as beautiful as they do on paper."

I put them away quickly, and rising, walked up and down the room.

"People pace their prison cells," I thought, "and this is mine."

As I passed Ellen she touched me. Though I had watched before I could not catch her eye; now I turned quickly, but those other eyes had been as keen as mine, and looking at me over her canvas frame Mrs. Tyrrell said:

"Ellen, you are doing Watson's duty. Why is this, and where is he?"

"He has been dismissed, madam."

"Dismissed—by whom?"

"By Mr. Tyrrell."

"And for what?"

Before she could answer there came a sharp sound—the report of a pistol directly under the window near which I was standing, and following the discharge a long, low howl of dying agony. I was startled, but more by Mrs. Tyrrell's face than by the sound. It changed as I had never seen it to a bluish white.

"What devil brought a dog to Tyrrell Cliffe?"—her voice came sharp and hissing through her teeth, and some strange excitement seemed to possess her.

Ellen answered her: "It was Watson's dog; it followed him from Launceston last night, and he was dismissed for it."

"Right, right," her mistress muttered. "A wretched idiot to dare to bring such carrion here."

I was looking from the window and I saw the poor quivering beast lie dying. He was of the spaniel breed, with large, full eyes, and in his death throes he had fixed them on the man who stood pistol in hand before him. It was Ralph Tyrrell who had shot him, and he watched him now with a repulsive interest in his dying pangs.

Sick at the sight I turned away. Ellen was pouring cordial in a glass, and in the hand that held it I saw a little slip of paper rolled up tightly. As she took the drink to Mrs. Tyrrell she dropped the little ball behind her chair. I picked it up and thrust it into my slipper.

"A shot will always startle me this way," she exclaimed; "were you frightened, Mildred?"

I took the book of prints and sat down by the window. I spread them all around me, and beneath them hid the crumpled bit of paper. By degrees I smoothed it out and read it. It was a copy of an inscription on a monument and ran thus:

Sacred to the Memory
of
ADELAIDE, wife of Ralph Tyrrell,
Of Tyrrell Cliffe,
Who departed this life March 5th, 1837.

I thrust it up my sleeve, and taking up the largest picture I could find went with it to the window, and held it up before my face as if to catch a light upon it. This lady was his wife, concealed from me for some unknown reason, and she died just fifteen years ago last night. I had seen her, and by whatever cause she had gone to her grave, she had come again bearing the marks of violence and wrong upon her.

All this sprang into light before me, like writing in that mystic ink that takes existence when the air breathes on it.

CHAPTER VII.

DISCOVERY.

"Wear this coral in your hair, Mildred," said Mrs. Tyrrell. "You are too pale. Ralph must drive you on the beach to-day to bring your color back."

We were going to breakfast, and Mr. Tyrrell and Mr. Jennings were waiting in the hall to join us.

I took the sprays from her hand and fastened them in my hair, thinking, "Thank God I shall be in the open air again."

I had not seen Mr. Tyrrell since the day before. He had dined alone, as his mother proposed. He met us now, accompanied by Mr. Jennings, just at the drawing-room door. After presenting the lawyer, he spoke with the tenderest solicitude about my indisposition—and I felt that he had taken the part of a lover, and was determined to enact it thoroughly. Just at the dining-room threshold, he called out—

"Why not attend to our little bit of formality first, and then breakfast at ease afterward. My dear Jennings, you know I hate business—and I am sure Mildred does. Then let us have it over and done with."

He had drawn my arm through his, and he turned now and walked toward the parlor. He neither forced nor dragged me, yet it was by his will I moved. He held my arm in his, and there was nothing painful in the grasp, but it bore me along as irresistibly as if it had been of iron, and I bound powerless in it. Ellen seated Mrs. Tyrrell beside the table at which we stood, and turning quickly, with her hand overturned the large inkstand on the papers spread there. Ralph's hand caught and steadied it before a drop had fallen. He looked at her for a moment with those bright eyes that seemed to me to have gained a frightful brilliance since I saw him last; but her slight confusion and profound apology baffled him, I think, for saying, "It is nothing," he smiled and held the pen to me.

"Here, Mildred, write your name just here."

I remember looking round me for a moment, and seeing Mr. Jennings's calculating business glance, the determined intentness of Mrs. Tyrrell's face, the expressionless quiet of Ellen's, and then writing "Mildred Tyrrell" in the place his finger pointed out. At him I had no need to look; I felt his eyes forever burning into my soul. I think the fear and misery that oppressed me began to wear upon my brain, for all that passed at breakfast seems, as I look back, confused and indistinct. One thing I know; both Mrs. Tyrrell and her son were in gay spirits, and ceased to watch me with that torturing intentness that had driven me almost mad. Why this was so I had no power to think. Perhaps the paper I had signed—but I could go no further. I leaned my aching head upon my hand, and wondered what the numb, dull throbbing of my temples meant, and wished that I might close my eyes, and open them again in my little room at Elmswood.

When breakfast was over we went into the drawing-room, and Mr. Jennings came and sat beside me. He spoke about my marriage as if he thought me greatly to be envied; called Mr. Tyrrell a very handsome man, and just the one to please the first fancy of so young a lady, and said that, as he had the honor to be the first to communicate the news of my good fortune, he now had the happiness to congratulate me on my approaching bridal. I listened as if it were of some one else he spoke, and when he rose to leave, saying he would see us soon in London, and that we must allow him to anticipate the time for happy wishes, and offer them now, I bowed and tasted the wine with which he pledged us, and it was all as unreal as moonlight.

The day were on toward twilight. Ralph had ridden off with Mr. Jennings, and we were left alone together. After dinner, Mrs. Tyrrell looked at me and seemed to note, for the first time, my wearied, hopeless face.

"Now, Mildred, lay aside that book," she said, "and try to rest. Better go to bed at once; I'll wait till Ralph returns; he will excuse you when I tell him how tired you were."

I was too happy to be gone, to linger long. I threw my book aside and hurried to my

room. No one was there to wait on me, and I undressed in haste and threw myself upon the couch which had been placed for me in Mrs. Tyrrell's dressing-room the day before. I did not think of sleeping. I only wished to rest and try to think. I had but one theme—it was a painful one—"Adelaide, wife of Ralph Tyrrell!" Who was she? why had she died from every memory? and why did she return again—a ghastly, horrible shape—to haunt me? Then I questioned myself over and over again, till my thoughts grew faint and weak, and lost themselves in nothingness. A touch awoke me, and I sprang up with a scream, which a hand laid upon my mouth but faintly stifled. It was Ellen who had roused me, and she stood before me now, warning me with her upraised hand to whisper lest we should be overheard.

"Miss Mildred, answer what I have to ask you. If you think that I can serve you, be assured I mean you well. Do you love Mr. Tyrrell?"

I thought a moment, not that I needed to do so before I found an answer, but that it startled me to hear the question put in words.

"No."

"Does he love you?"

"No."

"Why does he wish to marry you?'

"I do not know."

"Can you suspect?"

"I cannot think; I see no reason."

"Put this around you and come with me."

It was a loose dressing-robe, which I hurried on, and followed her, not through the door that opened into the hall—that she looked carefully—but out of a casement window, and from that along a balcony until we reached another window opening into a second room. It was an empty chamber, so dark that we had to grope to find a door that led from it. We found it locked, but Ellen unfastened it silently, and we stood in a little ante-room that opened from the parlor, and heard the sound of voices close beside us—so very close that my quick breathing and my throbbing heart alarmed me lest they might be heard by those who spoke within. It was only for a moment, and then I knew that, in the strange excitement of the speakers, so slight a stir as we had made would not be noticed. Mr. Tyrrell seemed to pace the floor before his mother's chair, and every time his footfall approached the door where I crouched listening I trembled lest he should come one step further and discover me.

"Why do you blame me, when you know I have followed, in every instance, the course we had agreed on?"

He asked this question, pausing in his hurried walk, and in a voice that he seemed to control with an effort.

"What you have done is well done," said his mother. "It is your sudden manner and fiery look that have frightened the girl. Was it wise to fall into a rage with Watson yesterday, and throw me off my guard?"

He stopped now, and seemed to stand looking at her, but did not speak. After a moment's pause, she went on, as if in answer to his look:

"Yes, yes—I know—but everything should bend to such an object. In six months more your power as guardian is at an end, and you and I remain here on sufferance. If you have any other plan, this is not, as I have thought it, your only hope; but if we understand each other, then it is; either you marry Mildred Tyrrell and become possessed of the fortune her discovery has lost you, or wait for her majority to yield up everything, and begin life at forty as a beggar."

"You have said enough, more than enough," he cried, angrily; "why should I tie myself for life to that piece of quiet demureness that I positively dislike, if it were not for your sake as well as mine. You undertook to mould and train her; you have had her solely under your hand for weeks, and have succeeded in awakening doubt and suspicion in a mind where I could see nothing but timid obedience when I sent her to you."

Ellen's hand on my shoulder drew me away, and I followed her as noiselessly as I had come. As the door opened and shut with silent caution, I heard a few words from Mrs. Tyrrell. They were full of reproach and upbraiding to her son. She said for his sake she had stayed at Tyrrell Cliffe year after year, though the place was accursed to her. He had fled from it and led a gay life abroad, but she had borne its loneliness and wretched memories.

Groping through the empty chamber, I passed out of the window into the cool night air on the balcony and grasped its iron band, thinking to swing myself down into the garden below and thus escape, I had no idea where or how. Ellen saw my movement and caught my hand, saying:

"Not now; wait and think over what had best be done."

When we entered my room again, she paused before unlocking the door she had fastened as we left the room, and asked me:

"Can I help you?"

I was beginning to see and partly understand my position, but was so unused and unsuited to any decided action, unguided and undirected by another, that I looked toward her mechanically for aid. That was evidently not her plan.

"Whatever you decide upon I will serve you in"—her face said this plainly, but it said nothing more.

While we stood thus, a bell rang violently.

"It is Mrs. Tyrrell's bell," said Ellen, "and she must find you asleep. Your face is a tell-tale, and if you need time for what you are going to do, that is your safety."

So saying, she hurried away, and I undressed quickly, and lying down, affected to be sleeping soundly, when she returned with her mistress.

"See if Miss Mildred is sleeping," said Mrs. Tyrrell to her.

She came toward my bed, and returning softly, said, "she is resting nicely, ma'am."

This did not satisfy her, however; for long after Ellen was dismissed for the night, I heard her steal quietly from her bed, and tottering from chair to chair, part the curtains that divided my little alcove of a room from hers, and come and look at me as I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, filled with an unreasonable fear of her, that made me shrink lest she should touch me. But she went back again, feebly and quietly, as she had come. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The *Revolution* says:—"All we ask of women is to consider two things in dress which they are inexcusably apt to overlook—health and beauty."

☞ Buffalo gnats are killing a large number of horses, mules and cattle along the Missouri river. The recent overflow made them and mosquitoes very numerous.

Jennie's Brooch.

BY L. C.

It is Saturday night, and Carndell High street is crowded with laboring people from the outlying districts who have come into the town "to shop." Amongst them, towering by a head above most of his fellows, is Will Stent, his grave, resolute mouth softening into smiles as he listens to the shrewd remarks of the trim little old woman—his mother—who, in her cloth cloak and black bonnet, trots nimbly beside him, the money he has given to her to lay out clenched tightly in her palm.

"Ay, let 'em call again," she comments, as her son turns a deaf ear to an invitation from a group loitering at the door of an alehouse. "Let 'em call till they deafens theirselves; they'll not get you amongst 'em. Work hard all a week, an' throw their earnings down their throats o' Saturday nights, that's their way; 'stead o' getting a bit o' tidy clothes to wear, or a shillin' put by for rainy days. What be ye lookin' back for?" she questions anxiously. "If ye're thirsty, there's as nice a drop o' beer at home as ever I brewed. Can't ye wait for that?"

"If I wanted a pint, I'd have it, mother, and you should help me drink it," answered Will, with that spice of independence which keeps her a little in awe of him; "but I don't, and if you'll get what else you want to buy, we'll be off home together."

With a little self-gratulation at her son's soberness, Mrs. Stent turned into the grocer's shop to make her purchases, and Will, a tinge of color rising in his cheeks, stepped quietly back to the window of the jeweler, where all sorts of trinkets were displayed.

Down in one corner there was a little ivory brooch, delicately carved into a wreath of flowers, which, as the only simple ornament amongst a profusion of bright stones in golden settings, had attracted him. He had a profound disgust for the gaudy imitations of jewels the Carndell lassies hung in their ears or pinned in their shawls; and he thought Jennie, the parlor-maid at the Hall, never looked so well as in the print dress and linen collar she wore at her work; but he knew that the old-fashioned brooch in which she treasured a little bit of her parents' hair, was broken, and he had a fancy to replace it.

Before his mother had finished making her purchases the ivory brooch was in Will's vest, and a pleasant vision dancing before his honest brown eyes of the glow of delight with which Jennie would open the little box that contained his first love-gift.

Mrs. Stent talked on about the price of bacon and the fall in the soap, quite content with the occasional "yes" or "no" her dreamy son uttered as they toiled up the hills, beyond which lay the broad common, on whose verge stood their dwelling.

A merry voice trolling a popular song was heard behind them, and they were soon overtaken by a young man in the livery of the squire. With a nod to Mrs. Stent, who mentally anathematises him as a conceited chattering goose, he swings along by the side of Will, who more sociably shortens his stride to keep step with him.

"Third time I've been into the town to-day: once for a tongue the butcher had forgotten, once with the carriage, and now for some books for Miss Margaret. Enough to run a fellow off his legs, isn't it? But never mind; I did a bit of business for myself at the same time. Didn't I see you outside Campton's? Looking at the wedding-rings, I s'pose. I've been there myself to buy something for my sweetheart. Look ye here; pretty, isn't it?"

Will cast a glance at the silver brooch—a snake, with gleaming eyes of garnet—and though inclined to compare it unfavorably with his own purchase, civilly assented; but Mrs. Stent shortly said she didn't see what gals wanted with them things, when a pin or a hook and eye did just as well.

"Don't you tell my sweetheart that," cried Tom, not a whit discomposed, "or maybe she won't wear it; and I've set my heart on her looking smart in it on Sunday."

"Who does he call his sweetheart?" asked Mrs. Stent, when the young fellow had parted from them to take a short cut across some fields. "Is it Jennie? Gals have such flirting ways there's no trusting none of 'em. I wouldn't be too sure of her if I was you."

Will made no answer. The maternal jealousy that looked askance at the young creature who had stolen into her boy's heart, had often oozed out in such speeches as these; but he had the gift of silence, and only betrayed by increased gravity the displeasure they gave him. Nor was this often lasting; for he loved his mother dearly, and the kiss he gave her as he came into the cottage kitchen on the following morning, ready for church, was as hearty as usual.

"Now, dont'ee be late back as you was last time," she said, following him to the door; "the pudden was 'most cold, and the garden stuff was done to death."

Will reddened a little as he gave the required promise. Those walks home from church along the lanes, under the park fence, with Jennie sauntering beside him, were looked forward to, and dwelt upon, all the week through; and the pause at the stile, when the other servants at the Hall went on, leaving the young couple to say their parting words alone—had Mrs. Stent forgotten her own youth, that she murmured when those happy moments were prolonged? prolonged till Jennie fluttered off, afraid of a scolding from the housekeeper, and Will's dinner was spoiled.

It was a sunny Sabbath morning, and the breeze that danced amongst the dry leaves breathed renewed life and gladness into the hearts of those who trod the homeward path after the morning service. The squire's servants chatted cheerfully, and Jennie's cheeks were rosy, and her dewy lips fragrant with health and happiness; but what ailed Will? Although, in recognition of their known attachment, room had been made for him to walk beside his betrothed, he had scarcely spoken, and there was a stern look in his eyes before which her high spirits vanished. Had anything happened? Had he lost his work? No; Farmer Hyles often said Will was the best hand he had in his employ. Maybe he would tell her at the stile; and as soon as they were alone she raised her questioning glance to his grave face.

He pointed to the silver brooch that fastened her shawl. "I have seen that thing before, Jennie, and I know how you came by it."

The girl colored. "Well, Will, I've a right to wear it if I choose."

"Have you? Then you don't care what I think about it; and yet you've told me you love me, Jennie."

Her hands sought the trinket, but the next moment they fell by her side, and she looked at him with pouting displeasure.

"I'll not be controlled in such things as this *already*; I *will* wear the brooch."

Without another word Will turned on his heel and left her; and half angry, half sorry, Jennie ran—sobbing as she went—to the Hall.

"Isn't Jennie coming to have tea with us?" Mrs. Stent asked, as her son, after rejecting his dinner altogether, and wandering away over the common for hours, came home and began to unlace his shoes.

"She'll never come again, mother. It's all over betwixt us; and I've a headache—I'll go to bed."

The mother's first impulse was a joyful one. Will had been her all till the pretty face of this girl beguiled him. Winter and summer they had dwelt contentedly together in the cottage her dead husband's industry had made their own, and the thought of an interloper had been a galling one. To have to make way for a gay flirty girl, who didn't know what hard work was; to feel that she had no longer the right to lay out Will's money—to plan for him, or even to labor for him—had filled her jealous heart with dismay.

She forgot what Will might be suffering while she rejoiced, and when, with a pang, she remembered this, and furtively investigated his face, she learned but little. Will made no parade of his grief. He was a trifle quieter, perhaps; and with a desolate look about his eyes when he lifted them sometimes from the books and papers he brought home from the town, and pored over from the time he left his work until their early hour for retiring.

Mrs. Stent moved about her work more briskly with each succeeding day, and took renewed pride in the pretty cottage; but the pleasure was checked when Tom from the Hall burst in upon her, one afternoon, with a face of concern.

"Pretty mischief I've done, and never knew it till I worried the truth out of poor Jennie an hour ago! It's all a silly mistake, and my foolish chattering that's come between her and your Will. I got the brooch sure enough, but she gave me the money, and asked me to get it for her. As to sweethearting, she's much too good a girl to listen to any of my nonsense. You'll tell Will all about it," he added, "and please give him this note from Jennie. I'd stay and see him, but I'm to go to Scotland with Mr. John, and we're off in an hour or two. You'll make him understand that 'twas my fault, won't you?"

Mrs. Stent watched him from the door as he bounded away, satisfied that all would be well between the lovers; and her face grew harder and colder with every passing minute. Only that morning Will had gone off to his work with a lighter step, and his head as erect as of yore. There wasn't a doubt but that he had conquered any little soreness he had felt respecting Jennie; was it worth while to bring back the old remembrance, and induce him to risk his happiness again?

The wind blew cold across the wide treeless common, and with a shiver the old woman went back to her fire, still twisting Jennie's note over and over between her fingers. It fluttered from them, and fell on the hearth close to a lighted brand that began to scorch the paper. She stooped to save it, then paused irresolutely—paused till the letter that cost Jennie so many tears and pains to write was smouldering away; and with a guilty sense of her wrong-doing, Mrs. Stent went and buried herself in another part of the cottage, till nothing remained but a few ashes.

Will was more tender to her than usual that evening; more tolerant of her peevish speeches; more anxious to please her. He altered the hasp of the lattice, so that it should not wake her from sleep by its rattling, and nailed some drugget around the door, saying as he did so, "I must make all comfortable against the cold weather comes; I shouldn't like to think of you—the only friend I have in the world—shivering or suffering with the rheumatism through my neglect."

As she listened, his mother no longer regretted that the letter was destroyed. If he should ever discover what she had done, he would acknowledge that she had acted wisely, in not disturbing the contest that had fallen upon them.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Stent had occasion to go to Carndell. With her customary forethought, she timed her journey so as to be home before Will, who was generally a little later on Friday—Farmer Hyles's pay-day. For a wonder, however, he was home before her. He had taken the key from its hiding-place over the porch, lit the fire, and gone into his own room, where the noises he was making induced his mother to follow. Beside a box, in which he had packed his small wardrobe, knelt the young man; and on the card he was nailing upon it, the half-stupefied mother read: "Passenger by the Calliope to Portland, for Nebraska."

"Don't look scared mother," he said, as he led her back to her arm-chair beside the hearth. "I'd have told you before, but I was afeard you'd take it to heart."

"Say it's not true, my boy!—say it's not true!" she moaned.

"But that would be no good, when my passage-money's paid, and I'm off to Liverpool with half a dozen more, first thing in the morning," answered Will. "Don't fret, I shall make a man of myself over there, and send for you to keep house for me."

"You were doing well enough here," Mrs. Stent expostulated. "The house and the garden's your own, and your wages is good. Why should you go elsewhere?"

Will averted his head, as he replied in choked tones, "Don't say no more, mother. I *can't* stay here. When I lost Jennie, I lost all. If I'm to forget her, I must go right away. You don't know what I've felt since we parted."

Conscience-stricken Mrs. Stent threw her apron over her head, and began to rock to and fro; whilst Will, afraid from her wild ejaculations that he had been too abrupt, made the tea, and waited upon her as handily as a woman, sitting beside her with her cold hands clasped in his till she grew calmer. Then he showed her where he had put a third of his savings for her use until he could send her more; and kissing her wrinkled forehead, said a faltering good-by.

She clung to his arm wildly. "*Already!* Nay, nay! ye said to-morrow. You'd not leave me yet, Will!"

"But I must be at Harborough to-night, mother; for we go from there by the first train. Say God bless me, and let me go."

She dropped back in her chair; and, after fetching a compassionate neighbor, and fee-ing her to stay with his mother till the morning, Will Stent shouldered his trunk, took one glance round the dear old home it had been his pride to embellish, and dry-eyed but heavy-hearted bent his steps across the common, nor once looked back.

"Fetch Jennie! fetch Jennie from the Hall!" were the first words the miserable mother uttered; and the neighbor, eager to oblige, sent one of her children to say that Mrs. Stent was begging to see Jennie directly.

The girl flushed joyfully when the message was brought to her. Will had accepted her explanation; Will had sent to bid her come to his mother; and she lost no time in obtaining leave and hurrying to the cottage.

The night had closed in when she reached it. The neighbor had gone home to put her children to bed, and Mrs. Stent sat alone, the family Bible open upon the table before her, her rigid features ghastly with suppressed emotion.

A chill crept over Jennie at the sight of the expiring fire, the unsnuffed candle, and the despairing face that met hers. She looked around for Will.

His mother comprehended the look. "He's gone, child; we'll never see him more—never! Oh dear! the good book's full of God's judgments on murderers and disobedient children; but it doesn't tell anywhere of a mother that wronged her boy and drove him from her, as I have done by mine!"

Jennie tottered forward and sat down beside her. The revulsion was too great. She had come exulting in the prospect of a reconciliation; prepared to be a little cold and coy before she pardoned a repentant lover, and he was gone!

Then an angry sense of the hard judgment he had dealt her stayed the current of her grief. Putting her arms around Mrs. Stent's neck, she passionately cried, "How could he leave you? You had not vexed him."

A pause—a struggle, and the humiliating confession was made. At first Jennie started away, feeling as though she hated the cause of all this misery; but gentler thoughts soon predominated. Will had not ceased to love her as she had been imagining. It was the depth, the intensity of his affection that had made his home intolerable, and was sending him over the ocean.

"Don't sob so terribly, Mrs. Stent," she said. "He will come back to us when he knows all."

"And who shall tell him?" was the desponding query. "Before a letter can reach him he'll be on his way to this new country he's bound for. He only stays at Harborough till early morning."

Jennie went to the door and looked out. A stormy sky and intense darkness met her gaze as she turned her eyes in the direction Will's footsteps had trod a few hours earlier. But her resolution was taken.

She came back to Mrs. Stent's side.

"Kiss me, and pray to God to take care of me. I'm going to Harborough to fetch Will back."

The old woman caught hold of her hands.

"Child, you mount think on't. Why, 'tis a matter o' eight miles, and all cross country, nothing but common an' marsh an' sandy ridges; and no road but a foot-track that ye'd never find such a night as this."

"I'd do more than that for Will's sake," cried Jennie, with a sob. "Better risk anything than let him go away thinking me false to him."

"I'd go wi' ye, but the strength's all gone out o' me," sighed the mother, beginning to waver. "If I were sure and certain nothing would happen ye—"

Jennie listened to no more. With one fervent prayer for protection, one hopeful, encouraging smile to Mrs. Stent, she was gone.

Only those familiar with the wild, desolate moors that lie between Carndell and Harborough can fully understand the difficulties that beset the undertaking. Jennie had often rambled with Will to where the hills overhung a wide, marshy valley, looking like the bed of a lake whose waters had been dried up centuries ago. On the further side of this valley, behind some dense plantations of the Scotch fir, she knew that the little town of Harborough was situated. For Will's sake she resolved to be brave and strong; for the love of him she strove against the dread that assailed her, when a distant clock tolled the midnight hour and found her still wandering amidst the quagmires of the marshy valley. Stumbling on—still on—faint, despairing, she fell at last, overcome with fatigue. She could no longer conceal from herself that she was lost. Then as she crept beneath a bank for protection from the elements, a passionate cry rose up from her heart for help from above.

The hour for the departure of the emigrants from Harborough was at hand. Mothers and sisters were clinging about their dear ones; only Will Stent stood a little apart, more sorrowful even than they, for he was alone. The landlord of the inn where he had slept and breakfasted, came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Will you lend us a hand here for a minute? Two chaps going to work have picked up a decent-looking young woman. She seems nigh dead with cold—and my missus is for getting her into a warm bed, and sending for the doctor."

Will followed to where the motherly hostess was trying to force some hot tea between the lips of the insensible girl. One look at the poor pale face, around which the fair tresses hung damp and dishevelled, and it was tenderly taken to Will's bosom.

Jennie soon recovered sufficiently to tell her story; and the emigrants went to Nebraska without Will Stent, whose penitent mother received him back as from the dead. Jennie, gay and happy, she had disliked; but the Jennie whose constitution long felt the effects of that night's wanderings, needed all her love and tender watching, and—true woman, despite her jealousy—she bestowed it ungrudgingly. And so, in the early spring, the ivory brooch, that had lain so long in Will's pocket, was brought out to fasten the shawl Jennie wore at her wedding, and his mother's lips were the first to kiss her, and pray for a blessing upon the union.

☞ Baron Frederick von Logau, a German poet of the seventeenth century, is the author of the poem in which occur the oft-quoted lines:—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

It may be found in Longfellow's "Retribution."

☞ A correspondent who has read much about women as "ethereal creatures," wants somebody to throw a lively girl over his shoulder and attempt to elope with her. He adds:—"You will think she is made of pig iron. It would take at least three men to elope with one girl, if she was anything of a kickest."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, April 22, 1871.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing in a few weeks the new story by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," &c.—the advance sheets of which we have purchased from Mrs. Wood.

News Agents will please bear in mind this story, for which the popularity of the author of "East Lynne" will doubtless cause a large demand.

Mrs. Hosmer's Story.

We commenced last week an original story by Margaret Hosmer, entitled

MILDRED;

OR,

Saved by Hydrophobia.

This story, which is a strange and interesting one, will run through three or four numbers of THE POST.

CHARLES ALEXANDER.—Our attention has been called to the fact, that no memorial stone marks the grave of the late Charles Alexander, and that his widow has not the means to erect one. As Mr. Alexander was at one time, we believe, at the head of the printing business in this city, it would be very becoming, to say the least, for the printing fraternity to contribute the requisite amount. The residence of his widow, to whom any contributions for the purpose may be sent, is 1122 Wistar street.

What Women Eat.

A popular belief is that women eat nothing. It is, of course, conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment; but eating, in the wholesale acceptation of the word, is supposed to be foreign to female nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by women themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites, as being *comme il faut*, and a sign of semi-angelic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results upon the would-be angels are squalor, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpidness, and some other unpleasant *sequelæ*. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those shrewd girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appeased by secret stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the historical poem, concerning Violante in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton-bone, or remind them how she gnawed it, how she clawed it, when she found herself *alone?* All this is a direct deceit, however, practised upon unsophisticated old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures theirs, find out by the butcher's book and the ocular proof what sturdy trencher-women they have married.

Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing; she consumes by instalments four times as much as her partner, and seems, and is, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us that women eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more fairies in this respect than in the matter of weight.

The Work Done Inside.

One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems always to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed, in large letters:—

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

He then fastened the paper over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments, several passers-by stopped and read aloud: "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice—

"Who did that?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop he was sober—and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—*Band of Hope Review.*

☞ FRANCE.—The bloody work between the insurgents and the Versailles Government still goes on in Paris without material advantage to either side. This second siege of the capital is even more terrible than the first.

☞ A Chicago sausage-maker, with unusual candor, advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

☞ If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

Matrimonial Advertising.

A lady, who had no idea of looking for a husband, but with large proclivities for mischief and fun, put a matrimonial advertisement in the New York Herald, with direction for answers to be sent to a certain signature at the Broadway Post-office. As the advertisement appealed to the practical appreciation, by assuming a neat little fortune, in addition to an agreeable person, the seed of such temptation could not well fall idly upon such a fertile bottom as is offered by the city of New York. On the first day that succeeded the advertisement, the lady received seventeen replies; on the second day, thirty-two; and on the third, seventy-two, an extent and ardor of appreciation for her vaguely described personal attractions which even she was not prepared to expect.

Bewildered by the warm adoration and entreaty which issued from this hymenial magazine, the lady called to her six ladies as mischievous as herself. One pair of hands and one mind were, of course, quite unequal to the task of answering all, so the *billet doux* were divided equally among them, and each was to make an appointment with the writers on the following Saturday afternoon at four o'clock on the lower side of the up-stairs saloon of a certain popular restaurant on Broadway. Each of the ladies, moreover, who took the task in charge, chose a different colored paper for replies. Finally it was agreed that the whole six should be present at the interview, and that each should wear the exact costume prescribed for the inamorata whom the sighing swains would be there to see.

On the other hand, the gentlemen were directed to appear in all the varieties of attire and position which female ingenuity and mischief could devise. One was requested to wear a blue coat and brass buttons; another to have his hair parted in the middle; one was to be eating a plate of pork and beans, which, said the ingenious writer who dictated it, "you can scarcely expect will be called for by anybody else." Others were to be partaking of various dishes, or to place themselves in such postures as were directed by the writer.

At four o'clock on the prescribed Saturday afternoon, every chair, at every table on the lower side of the up-stairs saloon, was filled with sleek-looking and highly perfumed Leanders, all gazing into each other's face, and each secretly cursing the luck which wedged him so closely out of the killing position and display, which he had been meditating ever since he got his note. And how the dishes smoked, and how the wondering waiters flew, even the perplexed landlord, amazed at this miraculous flow of business, was obliged to drop his own mutton-chop, and call out the entire force of his entire establishment to meet the clamorous if not threatening demands of gentlemen who feared they might not get their telegraphing plates of duck or mess of pork and beans in time. At length the clash of sheen and kick of stiff skirts was heard coming up the stairs one minute after the hour, and an inamorata appeared, dressed in dark green, with deep fur cape, and abundant drooping lace.

She was wafered on the back of the head with an infinitesimal bonnet, and carried in her hand the magic rift of cambric whose Shakspereau strawberries intimated that she was she. When she appeared the sensation was universal; the gentleman with the buff vest threw open his coat to the extreme; the gentleman in the "blue" and the bright buttons buttoned his coat entirely to the chin; the gentleman with the pork and beans became vociferous for more beans; while those who had duck, etc., were equally clamorous in complaining of the undue fulfillment of their orders.

Never was there such a clamor heard in that usually well-regulated up-stairs saloon before, and by-the-by never subsided more suddenly than when a new brush of skirts was heard coming up the stairs. All the Lotharios were once more in position, when lo! another Cordelia, in all respects the reflex of the first, appeared bearing the film of strawberries as a challenge in her hand, and sweeping with it like a Juno to a seat near the location of the first.

It is needless to say that sensation was now extreme. Some of the gentlemen who were to part their hair in the middle began, however, to look less furiously at other gentlemen who had their hair in the same way, as much as to say, "Well, there is one for each of us, anyhow!" But most of the party seemed more troubled than before. A pause of some minutes succeeded before any new "appearance" took place, during which time the Lotharios were engaged in displaying their points to the best advantage; and some, more ardent than the rest, pulled out the variously-colored notes they had received, and either pretended to read them or laid them conspicuously on the table.

"There's one of my fellows with the blue note!" said mystery number one, over her spoonful of soup, to mystery number two.

"There's one of mine," said Cordelia the second: "he's got a pink note."

"What do you think of Augustus there, with the pork and beans, who is so pensively leaning his cheek upon his hand?" said myth the first; but before the answer could be given, apparitions three and four appeared, and hard upon their heels came five and six.

There was now perfect consternation on the lower side of the up-stairs saloon of the fashionable restaurant in Broadway. The man of tilt fell backward and was shot under the table; there was a general feeling after hats, and a gathering up of loose handkerchiefs and canes. All at once, after one of those short, sudden panics, which convey electric knowledge to the human mind, a general stampede took place, and the whole party, with more or less dignity—according to the natures and shapes they had assumed—made for the stairs and descended out of sight.

It was several minutes before they could hand in their checks and pay their score, and during this time the mischievous bevy, with strawberry-marked handkerchiefs, took full pay for their trouble in the hearty laugh which they indulged in at the ludicrous tableau and exodus they had just beheld on the part of the gentlemen who were so sharp after the "snug little fortune," and whose motives were entirely confined to the object of getting a "congenial partner with whom they could quietly settle down in life.

[NOTE.—This reads very well as a joke, but we think it is below the dignity of a lady to play such jokes, or to put a matrimonial advertisement in the paper either in fun or earnest.—ED. SAT. EVE. POST.]

☞ Blackberries are ripe in Florida.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ A Leading Article—The blind man's dog.

☞ Eight of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

☞ A Georgia farmer has discovered that the common China berry possesses the qualities of a first-class fertilizer.

☞ The search for natural gas in Buffalo has been attended with partial success. A small vein was struck recently and found to burn with a clear, steady and bright light.

☞ A Bennington (Vt.) paper reports that a prisoner in the county jail fell out while leaning against the wall, and that the institution is to be papered for better security.

☞ One curious effect of the recent earthquake in the Sandwich Island was that water in drink vessels became fetid and unfit for use after the shock.

☞ A Baptist preacher in Illinois has a new way of regenerating reluctant people. He gives them chloroform, and they are baptized before they know it.

☞ Amy Richardson, of Iowa, weighs 353 pounds. This is the latest case of big Amy.

☞ The head cook of the Parker House, in Boston, has a yearly salary of $4,000, and the President of Harvard University is paid $3,200 annually.

☞ A Mrs. Davis, of Tennessee, aged 70, is cutting a third set of real teeth, and has consequently cut her false ones.

☞ Mrs. J. W. Wright, the wife of "mine host" of the Railroad Hotel, at Parkersburg, Chester county, has made and baked over twelve thousand pies since the first of last October, besides performing other household duties. Mrs. W. is entitled to the belt as the champion piebakist.

☞ A little four-year-old remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied the mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a cookey." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

☞ Dempster, one of the best known and most popular vocalists and composers of the day, died recently in England in the 62d year of his age. He made the tour of this country as a ballad singer many years, and was a general favorite.

☞ The wheat crop in the southwestern portion of the state of Virginia is said to be the most promising since the war.

☞ A Milwaukee manufacturer of washboards, as an advertising medium, employs a dozen well-dressed young women to march through the streets of the city, each with a wash-board under her arm.

☞ "One nectar drop from Truth's own shop will flavor a whole butt of slander."

☞ One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

☞ "John, did you ever bet on a horse race?" "No, but I have seen my sister Bet on our old mare."

☞ An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds: "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying up."

☞ "Why does not the living stomach digest itself?" was one of the questions discussed by Professor Michael Foster, in his recent lectures on the nutrition of animals, before the Royal Institution of London. He said that it could not be due to its own vitality, since living animals are digestible in it; and he suggested that it might be due to a kind of equilibrium, maintained during life, and consisting of all the forces which resist death.

☞ Spring fever, an annual "bilious attack," may be prevented by eating a less quantity of carbonaceous food as the weather grows warmer than in the winter, substituting vegetable and acid fruits.

☞ A Western editor says that a girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde," was, a few years ago, termed "a tow-head."

☞ Ostrich farming is a regular branch of industry at the Cape of Good Hope. One of these birds in good plumage is worth from $80 to $100, and a skillful hunter will kill as many as seventy or eighty of them in a season.

☞ Miss Lucinda Hopkins, of Weeks's Mills, Maine, came near being burnt to death by setting fire to a frizzled jute switch which she wore on her head in a loose flowing manner. She was at a party at the time, and as she was arranging her hair by the light of a candle, the switch caught in the blaze and burned like a torch.

☞ The oleander, one of the most popular house plants, is said to be poisonous. A child in Ohio was recently poisoned by eating some fragments chipped from an oleander bush. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result almost fatal.

☞ The editor of an Iowa paper advertises that he would take a good dog in payment for a year's subscription. The next day twenty-three dogs were taken to his office, and two days afterwards a score more of farmers, living at a distance of from eight to twenty miles, appeared to subscribe for the paper, tendering dogs in payment, and, to cap the climax, the mayor of the city notified him that the tax of $1 must be paid on every dog owned in the place. This is very much like the story of the party who advertised for a racoon, to be presented to Lafayette, on the occasion of his departure from this country, and the receipt of over 3,000 of these amiable beasts from a grateful people.

☞ A country merchant who wanted two tailors' irons first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailors' gooses." Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailors' geese." Upon reflection he destroyed this one also for fear he would receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly mailed: "Messrs. Dunn & Spencer: Please send me one tailors's goose, and, blame it, send me another."

☞ In St. Clair county, Alabama, three disguised men broke into a tax collector's house during the absence of the good man, and demanded the taxes already collected from his wife, who courageously refused to give them up. They then searched for and found the money, afterwards coolly telling the woman to prepare supper for them. She did so, but deftly put arsenic in their coffee. They drank, and soon fell dead. Then the tax-collector's wife stripped their disguises from their faces, and found that two of the villains were unknown to her, but the third was her husband, who had taken this means of stealing the people's money.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. By ST. GEORGE MIVART, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A scientific work, its production hinging on Darwin's "Origin of Species," and the book itself antagonistic to the principle of Natural Selection. What is brought forward in the volume may be epitomized as follows:

That Natural Selection is incompetent to account for the incipient stages of useful structures.

That it does not harmonize with the coexistence of closely-similar structures of diverse origin.

That there are grounds for thinking that specific differences may be developed suddenly instead of gradually.

That the opinion that species may have definite though very different limits to their variability is tenable.

That certain fossil transitional forms are absent which might have been expected to be present.

That some facts of geographical distribution exist in addition to other difficulties.

That the objection drawn from the physiological difference between "species" and "races" still holds good.

Other objections are stated, but the above summary will give an idea of the character of the work. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, ETC. By Miss YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A unique volume, containing a large amount of matter of more or less interest, very *English* in tone and very religious. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

DAISY CHAIN. By Miss YONGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Another novel—"a family chronicle"—by the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." It affords excellent summer reading of the lighter kind. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. The April number of this excellent manual for the traveller is received.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by I. HAYS, M. D. Philada.: Henry C. Lea. The April number is on our table.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Second volume of a new edition of the novels of the above author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

HOW HE DID IT. By E. A. DUPUY. A novel of considerable dramatic power. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Nothing Lost.

Among the more miscellaneous items which afford instances of the use of waste material, we may mention vulcanized India-rubber. At one time it was thought the process of vulcanization—in other words, treating the rubber with sulphur—prevented the possibility of its being used again. It has been discovered, however, that it can be reduced to a plastic state and re-manufactured. About seventy per cent. of the waste material is mixed with thirty per cent. of raw gum, and the resultant rubber is as good as that made of wholly fresh gum. This discovery tended to cheapen this material very much, as at the time it was made the refuse material was selling at ninety dollars a ton, whilst the pure gum sold at prices varying from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars a ton.

The sawdust of various woods is now turned to good purposes—that of boxwood is used for cleaning jewelry, whilst mahogany sawdust is employed for smoking fish. Birch and rosewood sawdust is used by furriers in cleansing furs. In Paris common sawdust is very ingeniously utilized. A method has been discovered of forcing this material into solid moulds by the aid of heat and the hydraulic press. The sawdust thus pressed is said to present a brilliant surface, which possesses great durability.

Turning our attention from the vegetable to the animal kingdom, we may add that a beautiful and nutritious jelly is made from ivory-dust, which is very strengthening to invalids. This is the only portion of the elephant that is eaten in England; but the flesh of this animal is consumed by the natives of Africa, and Gordon Cumming says that elephants' feet are a very great delicacy.

In the search that has been made for a new paper-making material there has been some success. Good paper is now made from esparto, a wild grass growing in Spain and the Barbary coast in large quantities. It certainly makes very good paper, and might take the pressure off rags, which are still rather scarce and dear.

It was imagined that when the trade was opened with China the teeming population of that great empire, dressing as it does in cotton goods to a large extent, would be able to yield us a plentiful supply of old rags. Those who counted upon this source of supply knew but little of the economical habits of the Chinese. Rags were not likely to be wasted in that country. On inquiry, it turned out that the material in question was used up—for what purpose does our reader think?—for making thick soles for boots? As may be imagined, all waste paper is sorted; the clean, such as the shavings and clippings from bookbinders and envelope-makers, is worked up afresh as white paper. The fluff of cotton that is given off during the course of manufacture is, however, available for paper-making, and for the manufacture of coarse sheets and bed-covers. Cotton waste is used in making furniture and fancy articles—a product like paper mache. A paper could be written on the uses of waste fibres alone. Great quantities of the waste of hemp and flax are made into bags, sheeting and yarn. The outer husk of the cocoanut (not the shell) makes capital cordage, very light and strong; in these particulars, indeed, it has the advantage over hemp.

☞ In a family in which I am intimate—very intimate—there are two little girls. One day they had a little brother—a new brother. Some foolish person had told them that angels brought little children. They went in to see their new brother. He had a red face. New brothers have a way of being red-faced. When they went out, the younger of the girls said, "Sister, did you see what a red face our little brother had?" The other replied with great importance, "Silly child! don't you know that when the angel brought him down, as he passed the sun he forgot to put a veil over his face, and so he got red; but he will get over it.—*Rev. Dr. Scudder.*

☞ A sharper in Connecticut is advertising to give $5,000 to any person who will adopt an infant two weeks old, adding that ten cents must be inclosed to pay for answering letters.

THE Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness, and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

☞ The Tribune reproduces a very droll paraphrase of the time-honored story of George Washington and his misguided little hatchet. General Butler and Wendell Phillips are supposed to be in the garden of the White House waiting to see the President. They are kept there for awhile, when Butler picks up a hatchet and begins cutting the trees to pass away the time. Grant soon after appears and asks, "Who has been hacking these trees?" Butler answers, "I cannot tell a lie, Mr. President: it was Wendell Phillips." It is hard to tell which version of the legend is the more delightful, the old or the new.

CLERICAL ERROR.

"High" Parsons would have couples tarry
When they propose to wed in Lent—
But why? The sooner people marry,
The sooner, mostly, they repent.

☞ Snow fell in Philadelphia on the 26th of last month; on the 9th of the present month, two weeks later, the thermometer marked 84 in the shade.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—1500 bbls Ohio and Indiana family at $7,37½@8, and 12,000 bbls at prices ranging from $5,37½@5,75 for superfine; $6@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7,50 for Northwest extra family, $6,50@7 for Penna family; $7@8 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9,25 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,50@5,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bushels sold at $1,64@1,66 for Ohio and Indiana red; 1,55@1,56 for Penna red; $1,66@1,73 for Western amber, and $1,75@1,80 for Western white. Rye—Sales at $1,05 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 78@80½c for Penna and Delaware yellow, 76@77c for Western and Delaware white, 73@75c for low mixed, and 75@77c for high mixed. Oats—sales of 75,000 bus at 67@68c for prime Penna and Western, including choice whites at 70c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $20,50@21, and extra prime at $16,50; Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Best Hams may be quoted at $20@20 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15½@16½c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 11@12c, and shoulders at 9c.—Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13½@13½c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 7½@8c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tierces at 12@12½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 19@15c; Penna store packed at 30@34c, and roll at 22@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 16@18c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 14@16½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 15@15½c ₩ lb for upland, and 15½@15½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—15 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $18@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—3500 lbs sold at 32½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples, and 12@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@6,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, $1@1,10; straw, $1,25@1,30.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No 1 Lehigh crane at $25 ₩ ton; No 2 at $23@24; and Grey Forge at $21 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $34@35 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—500 bus sold, at 9½@10c ₩ lb. Timothy is quoted at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1643 head. The prices realized from 6@9 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $8 to $9,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which has been constantly used in my family for over seven years, and is now to all appearances as good as when first purchased. During the time I have had the machine, I have had from seven to ten persons in my family, for whom it has done most of the sewing, besides that of three married daughters and many of my neighbors—it being the only machine in our neighborhood. During all this time I have never used but one needle, and the machine has never cost me anything for repairs."

MRS. AMY CURTISS
Poolville, Madison county, N. Y.

A Friendly Call, and What was Said.

It is human nature to tell our friends of our ailments. We all do it, expecting sympathy. Sympathy is a great comfort to invalids. When we have recovered, too, we are fond of talking of the medicines that relieved us. This is a good trait in our humanity. It shows that we are grateful for benefits received.

The other day Mrs. E. Sutcliff, the well-known teacher of crayon painting, whose *atelier* is in Court street, Brooklyn, was visited by a lady pupil, who had been absent from her class nearly a month. "What has been the matter?" said Mrs. S., "have you been sick?" "Very;" was the reply. "What complaint?" "Dyspepsia. I thought I should have died." "Ah! and what did the doctors do for you, my dear?" said Mrs. S. "Nothing," responded the young lady. "A gentleman friend," she continued, with a tell-tale blush, "induced me to try PLANTATION BITTERS; and you see the result: *I am perfectly well.*" This conversation occurred in Mrs. Sutcliff's studio; and it is here given as she relates it, word for word.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

These Who Desire a Brilliancy of Complexion

should beware of cheap patent Pills, or other Cathartics containing Calomel and Mercury. Use Nature's Remedy, HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA and HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS. Component parts—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Grape Juice. For Liver complaints, Jaundice, Bilious Affections, Dyspepsia, Sick or Nervous Headache, Costiveness, &c., the Pills are unequalled.

All Ladies Know that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles, tan, and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ringmarks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY, & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York

ap22-tf

Bear in Mind.

When disease has undermined the health, and the physical system has become prostrated, a stimulant that will not only strengthen, but remove the cause, should be immediately resorted to. Mental distress is also a fruitful source of the breaking down of the constitution, and the ravages of this enemy to health are truly alarming. For all such maladies HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have been found unsurpassed. By acting directly upon the digestive organs, they remove the heavy, disagreeable feeling after eating, so often complained of by persons of a delicate temperament. As soon as digestion is restored, the patient finds his strength increasing, and his general health improved.

Thousands of persons certify that it may be relied on in all cases of weakness or nervous debility attendant upon sedentary habits. The generality of Bitters are so disagreeable to the taste that they are objectionable to a weak stomach. This is not the case with Hostetter's Bitters, which will be found mild and extremely pleasant. Balsamic plants, barks and roots contribute their restorative juices to render it soothing and strengthening. Its basis is the only pure stimulant which has ever been produced, containing no *fusil oil*, or any other deleterious element. The most careful and skilful chemists have analyzed the Bitters, and pronounced them harmless. This is scientific testimony; but the testimony of the hundreds of thousands who have experienced the preventive and curative effects of the GREAT VEGETABLE TONIC and ALTERATIVE of modern times is still more conclusive. In Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Nervous Complaints, Chronic Complaints and general debility it is as nearly infallible as anything in this fallible world can be. ap-5t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.

Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

nov26-6m

500,000 PEOPLE have used *DR. J. MILLER'S SOOTHING AND HEALING BALSAM*—the best family medicine in the world for internal and external complaints. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. J. MILLER & SONS, Proprietors, 212 Broadway, (Knox's Building) N. Y.

Please send for Circular. Established 1857.

ap8 3m

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

BANKRUPT.

From auction.—A job lot of Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Watches, with full jewelled detached lever movements, $23 each—usual price $40. Sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine. F. J. Nash, 597 Broadway, New York. "We have been shown the above goods, and believe them fully equal to the recommendations of the Advertisement."—Christian Advocate. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—Christian at Work. "We have the utmost confidence in the above goods."—Liberal Christian. "Certainly cheap, and the quality reliable."—Christian Intelligencer. ap22-3t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap8 2m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. George Cummings, Mr. WM. H. COLLINS to Miss FANNY F. CHASE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Romich, Mr. MARTIN B. WERNER to Miss MAGGIE DARR, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH H. FRANK to Miss MAGGIE BRADY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN R. WHITE, of Bucks county, to Miss M. JENNIE SUMMERFIELD, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. S. H. C. Smith, Mr. HENRY T. ALLEN to Miss HANNAH RILEY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Meredith, JOSEPH W. GREGG to Miss REBECCA JANE ROACH, all of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. James Russell Miller, Captain GEORGE W. PRIDE to Mrs. BELLE BELL.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL W. RIVELL, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 4th instant, DAVID EDMISTON, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 5th instant, JOSIAH C. PEMBTON, in the 48th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, JOHN MARKS, in the 77th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, JAMES S. WHARTON, aged 67 years.

On the 8th instant, MARY LINDSAY, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 6th instant, JOHN THOMPSON, Jr., in the 26th year of his age.

On the 6th instant, MARTHA T. MOORE, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 6th instant, NANCY TOLAN, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 6th instant, MARY JANE KING, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 7th instant, SARAH NEUMAN, in the 21st year of her age.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE POST is devoted to Novelets, Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Wit and Humor, Agricultural Information, &c.

Among its contributions may be found novelets and stories from the gifted pens of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Amanda M. Douglas, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Gustave Aimard, &c., &c.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the present year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

Remarkable Escapes.

No. 1.

Escape of Mary, Queen of Scots.

When the confederate Scotch lords had taken Mary Stuart prisoner after her defeat at Carberry Hill, and had resolved to dethrone her, they sent her for safe custody to the castle of Loch Leven, situate on a small island in the middle of the lake of that name. They chose this gloomy place, not only because it was nearly inaccessible, but because the hapless lady would there be in the keeping of that most watchful of all gaolers, a mortal enemy. Margaret Erskine, mother of William Douglas, the owner of the castle, had had a son by James V., whom it pleased her to regard as the legitimate heir to the throne of Scotland, and she hated Mary as an obstacle to her schemes of ambition. Religious differences intensified this feeling, for Margaret was a zealous Presbyterian. Her character, her faith, her family pride, and the natural harshness of her temper, all conspired to make her an inexorable guardian of the unfortunate Queen.

After Mary had been compelled by violence to renounce the crown in favor of her son, she was placed in the most rigorous confinement, the strictest watch being kept over her to prevent her, not only from effecting her escape, but from holding any sort of communication with the outer world. Many of the sovereigns of Europe were well disposed towards her, but she was not allowed to write to her friends, though she sometimes found an opportunity of doing so while the daughters of Margaret, who shared her chamber, were asleep, or at their meals. The cruelty of these restraints defeated their end, for it touched the very son of her gaoler, George Douglas, with compassion for the captive Queen, and led him to form a plan for her escape. But his first attempt to aid her was unsuccessful. It was arranged that the Queen should leave the castle in the dress of the laundress who brought her linen to Loch Leven, and that George Douglas and a number of his partizans should be ready to receive her as soon as she had crossed the lake.

The appointed day came; the young man was at his post, and the Queen, thanks to her disguise, had actually got clear of the castle, and reached the boat, when one of the boatmen, struck by the figure of the pretended laundress, attempted to lift her veil, and the hasty gesture with which the Queen resisted his touch, revealed a hand too white and too delicately formed to be that of a hard-working girl. The man at once guessed her real rank, but even at that moment Mary did not lose her presence of mind. She declared her name and title, and ordered him, on pain of death, to row her across the lake. The name of Margaret Erskine had, however, greater terror for the fellow than that of Mary Stuart; and the Queen was taken back to captivity again.

As the penalty of this unfortunate attempt of the 25th March, George Douglas was sent away from the island. This did not, however, make him one whit the less eager to succeed in his noble design; and he confided the Queen to the care of one who was equally devoted to her—his brother, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, called the "Little Douglas," and employed as page to his mother.

Mary was, of course, made to suffer more heavily, and every fresh precaution against her escape took the form of a new torture. Her life became almost unendurable. She wrote to Elizabeth, to Catherine de' Medicis, and to Charles IX., supplicating them for aid, but before any of them could move in her favor other help was at hand. George Douglas had never forgotten his promise to set her free. He used the liberty gained by his banishment from the castle in extending the circle of her friends. He engaged the powerful families of the Seatons and the Hamilton's in her cause, and with their aid formed a more carefully prepared plan than the last for her escape. It was arranged that on a given night they should be waiting for her where he had formerly waited. The page, young Douglas, undertook the rest. Sunday, the 2d of May, 1568, was the day fixed for the execution of the project. The whole household at Loch Leven took their meals in a common hall; and while they were together the keys of the fortress were placed on the table by the governor's side. At supper-time on the appointed night the young page watched his opportunity; and while he held out his plate to be filled, he contrived to get possession of the keys without being for the moment observed. He at once ran to Mary's chamber, and released her, and then led her to the boat, locking every door behind him on his way to diminish the chances of pursuit. He then threw the keys into the lake, and took the oars, after handing the Queen and her waiting-woman into their seats, and pulled vigorously for the shore. Before leaving the castle he had placed a signal light in one of the windows, so that when the Queen stepped from the boat she found her friends waiting to receive her. She at once took horse, and, accompanied by Lord Seaton, galloped hard for that nobleman's house at Niddry, in East Lothian, whence, after a few hours' repose, she made her way to the more strongly fortified castle of the Hamiltons. She was received there by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Lord Claude, who had gone out to meet her with fifty horses. The news of this escape, according to Scott, spread through Scotland with the rapidity of lightning, and the Queen was

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. The people remembered her affability, her grace, her beauty, and her misfortunes; and if they remembered her errors too, it was only to say that she had been punished for them too severely. On Sunday Mary had been a sad captive, abandoned to her enemies in a solitary tower; and on the Saturday following she found herself at the head of a powerful confederation, in which nine counts, eight lords, nine bishops, and a great number of gentlemen of the highest rank were engaged to defend her and to restore her to her throne. But this ray of hope only illumined her sombre destiny for an instant. Her subsequent capture and execution are known to all.

The keys thrown into the lake by the page were found by a fisherman in 1805, and are now placed at Kinross. The place where the fugitive Queen landed, on the southern shore of the lake, is still called Mary's Knoll.

THE FATHER DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Father doeth all things well;
In this sweet trust secure I rest,
Assured that all is for the best,
Tho' how or why I cannot tell.

The little child its father's mind
Can hardly hope to understand;
It can but cling unto his hand;
It only knows that he is kind.

Why sorrow still with me should dwell,
And all my years be dark with woe,
I cannot see: I only know
My Father doeth all things well.

E. A. M.

MY SISTERS AND I.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My name is Allie Browne, as it has been ever since I owned a name, and as it probably will be while I live.

My mother died when I was twelve years old, leaving, besides myself, two children, twin girls, aged four, and an invalid husband, whose frequent and violent paroxysms of asthma kept us in constant dread and anxiety. Her sudden death relieved her, while it imposed upon me her share of the burden, in addition to that which I as the eldest child already bore. Her gaze of entreaty as she held my hand, my father's helpless look of misery as he beheld his stay and support about to leave him, needed no words to interpret their meaning, and young as I was I understood that I was expected to fill her place as well as I was able.

My father's quiet grief was characteristic of him, and our home, never very cheerful, became sadder and more gloomy than ever. The only relief we had from its sadness was found in the innocent prattle and playfulness of the twins, two little cherubs, with the chubbiest of forms, the whitest of skins and the bluest of eyes. They were so nearly alike that strangers never could distinguish them. Helen was a trifle more serious and earnest, as her eyes and hair were the merest shade darker than Ella's, but in all else the similarity was almost perfect.

Time sped more or less rapidly as it was passed cheerfully or otherwise, according to the condition of my father's health, until a period of fourteen years had elapsed, the end of which found the twins eighteen, myself twenty-six, and our father at rest beside his wife in the village churchyard. His death was sudden and painful, in a paroxysm of asthma, as we had long anticipated.

He left us a small estate, included in which was the home wherein we had been born and had always lived, and with good management we were able to retain our pony carriage, our one woman servant and one man servant, who performed the combined duties of coachman, groom and gardener. We lived very comfortably and pleasantly, and did not lack good society, for our village, a seaside town on the Massachusetts coast, was a favorite place of residence for retired business men of the larger cities and towns, besides being a popular summer resort for the more sensible and quiet citizens, who did not care to exchange the dissipations of the city for those of crowded watering-places.

Helen had ripened into a tall, graceful girl, with the calm, holy face of the Madonna, the pearly skin, deep blue eyes, straight nose and small, sweet mouth, all indicating depth and purity of character. Ardent and enthusiastic in all her feelings, with great conscientiousness, she was well fitted for the role of devotee, and with a Catholic education and influences would doubtless have been a most devoted disciple of St. Catharine. As it was, duty as she saw it was her ruling motive in all things, and personal inclination or discomfort were never allowed to have a feather's weight when opposed to its performance.

Ella was not quite so tall, rounder in form, the eyes a lighter blue, the complexion with a dash of pink among its white, and fine auburn hair that lay in ripples about her small head. She was a careless, happy hoyden, who usually followed the bent of her own inclinations, except when they interfered with some one else, for her heart was warm and her impulses generous. She was a person of moods, fitful, mercurial, and would laugh and cry a dozen times a day for reasons that scarcely called a shade of emotion to Helen's calm face.

When my father's health failed and he was obliged to resign his pulpit, his place was taken by a young man whose "trial" sermon surprised the staid deacons by its power, depth and brilliancy, and who, proving highly "acceptable," was immediately "called." He was twenty-five years or less when he came among us, ours being his second "call." Small, slender and elegant in form, lithe and sinewy, and with a step as light and elastic as that of an antelope, he gave one an impression of great energy and irresistible will. The head was very large, the forehead high and broad, the eyes hazel and deep-set, the mouth, the only handsome feature in the face, almost feminine in the soft mobility of the beautifully curved lips. The face was not a pleasing one, and expressed intolerance of the faults and weaknesses of others as well as of his own. The intellect seemed to have been cultivated at the expense of the affections, and while his talents, zeal and efficiency compelled respect, he failed to command the love of his parishioners. He possessed none of the qualities that insure popularity; his manners were grave almost to austerity, and while the older members of his society could not understand him, the younger ones found themselves awed and constrained in his presence. But he preached fine sermons, was energetic and zealous in good works, built up the church and attracted many strangers during the summer, whose liberal contributions assisted materially in paying off certain debts under which the society had long labored.

He was now verging upon middle age, and was still unmarried. His reserved, severe manners had protected him from the snares and machinations of match-making mothers and marriageable daughters, and he went on his way as if unconscious of their existence. His visits to his people were limited strictly to those imposed by his pastoral relation to them, and the vainest maiden or best maternal manager in the parish could not boast that they had been unduly favored in that respect.

The twins returned from school at eighteen, and their advent in the village church the first Sunday after their arrival created a decided sensation. When Mr. Harvey, the minister, rose to read the opening service, he calmly, as was his wont, surveyed the faces of his flock, and was about recalling his wandering eyes to the page before him, when they fell upon Helen's upturned face with a start of astonishment. He had seen little of her during her vacations, and moreover the last year had done more for her than all that had gone before in ripening and perfecting her beauty. She seemed like a new revelation to him, and he gazed eagerly at the sweet and noble face before him. Recovering himself he went on with the service, ever and anon glancing down at our pew, and meeting the wrapt, upturned gaze of the youthful devotee. Helen's religious feelings were deep and earnest, and she listened, surprised and pleased, to the new thoughts, or old ones clothed in novel and glowing words. She in turn seemed an inspiration to him, for never had I heard such burning eloquence from even his lips.

After the service he hastened to our pew, claiming the privilege of an old friend, in congratulating the sisters upon their final escape from the trammels of school-life.

Our house was soon gay enough, what with parties, pic-nics, etc., and few days passed without one or the other of these re-unions. Mr. Harvey seemed to be surprised out of himself, and seldom refused an invitation; he was seen everywhere, and the matrons and spinsters who had all these years stood in such awe of him were scandalized by the great change.

It soon became evident the Helen was the attraction, and I was sorry to see it. I had never admired the man, as a man, and though his talents were, without doubt, of the highest order, I doubted his capacity to make a sensitive woman happy.

I was surprised to see how fascinating he could be in conversation when he chose, and the fund of anecdote and store of learning displayed were very effective in neutralizing the fact that he was double Helen's age.

No immediate danger, however, seemed to threaten, and I held my peace, not wishing to mar her pleasure by ill-timed warnings, which, if not needed, would probably precipitate the event I was anxious to avoid.

Matters went on smoothly enough, until the hot weather of August brought the usual crowd of strangers to our village, and the modest little hotel was soon full to overflowing. Among those were a schoolmate of the girls, an invalid and orphan, and her brother, who had brought her here for sea air and quiet. When the girls knew of her arrival they immediately called, and were introduced to the brother. They were both in deep mourning for the recent death of a sister, and declined all invitations to parties, but accepted an invitation to tea from the girls. We invited no one else except Mr. Harvey, and on the evening appointed, Helen, who was a very "good whip," drove the ponies to the hotel for her friend Bell Arnold and her brother Paul. On their arrival there was the usual girlish chat above stairs, while I was left to entertain Mr. Arnold in the parlor. While thus engaged Mr. Harvey entered, and I, of course, introduced them, and was rather surprised to see him start, color and stammer as though the encounter was an embarrassing and painful one to him, while Mr. Arnold's face assumed a sternness in strange contrast to his former merry visage. Affecting not to observe them I started a new topic, and soon after the girls entered. When Helen introduced Bell there was the same start upon the part of both settling into the same stern gravity in Bell, and from occasional glances between brother and sister I perceived that they had met Mr. Harvey before, how, when or where, of course I could not tell. He was ill at ease, and had resumed all his wonted gravity of manner with some addition. All were constrained and uncomfortable, and Mr. Harvey took his departure much earlier than usual. I could never cease wondering what fate it was that prevented our asking the Arnolds what they knew of Harvey, but before we could collect our senses they were gone.

The next morning I determined to call at the hotel, and question them as to their knowledge of our minister, but was prevented by the call of a neighbor until after dinner; and when I did so was told that they had gone driving. I called next day, and was informed that they had left suddenly, having been summoned by a telegram, notifying them of the dangerous illness of a relative. So fate seemed against my gaining the intelligence I so much wanted.

Mr. Harvey did not call for several days, and when he came he had much difficulty in divesting himself of his old grave manner, and his embarrassment was not lessened by Ella's impulsive question,

"Oh, Mr. Harvey, you know the Arnolds, don't you? Do tell me all about them; where did you meet them?"

"I knew them many years ago, when a student at Yale; I have seen very little of them lately," slowly and hesitatingly said Mr. Harvey, holding his hat partly before his face.

Other gentlemen called, and one or two evinced a decided preference for Helen, I thought, while Ella flirted and coquetted with all.

Summer passed, and the autumn sun began to tinge the woods with gold and scarlet, crimson and russet, until they were a perfect glory; the air was full of the melancholy haze of October, and the days were here in which we greedily drink the air and sunshine, so soon to be succeeded by cloud and tempest and gloom.

On one of the loveliest of October afternoons Mr. Harvey called and asked for Helen. She came down with her hat in her hand as if prepared for walking. He asked her if she intended to walk, and she replied shyly, turning to me,

"If you do not think it too damp, sister," as it had rained the night before.

It occurred to me afterward that she appealed to me in the hope that I would forbid it; for some reason, not perceived then, but plain enough now, she did not seem very eager for the walk with him, but I answered, without thinking,

"Oh no, the sun has been quite warm all day, and dried the earth completely," and they started, parting from me at the gate.

Tea time came, but they had not returned. The evening being chilly, I had a wood-fire made in the sitting-room grate. The tea-table occupied the middle of the floor, and drawn up to the fire were our three easy-chairs, one one on each side, and one lower than the others in the middle. This middle chair was Ella's, and though I did not expect her home to tea I could not bear to leave the circle incomplete, and so had put hers in its usual place. Tea with us was a very slight, informal meal, taken without sitting around the table; when all was ready my neat maid would draw up the little round table, placing the tray within reach of my arm, and I would pour out the tea and hand it to the girls without any of us leaving our cosy chairs. In summer our tea-room was the back piazza, with vines for walls and the birds for orchestra.

On this particular evening I thought our snug sitting-room looked peculiarly cosy, but a room always *does* look cosy, when the first fire for months crackles and blazes on the hearth, especially when it is a wood-fire. I sat looking at the flying sparks, and thinking of Helen. I felt so helpless to aid her, and yet so fearful for her future, that I was never long without anxiety for her. Many people called her cold, but I knew that she possessed depth of feeling beyond most persons, and that any impression made upon her was ineffaceable. If she loved worthily I had no fear, but I knew that a mistake for her would be fatal.

About dusk the bell rang, and Helen came slowly in, followed by Mr. Harvey. He advanced to my chair and said,

"How very cosy and comfortable you look here, Miss Browne; this seems to be the abode of peace, plenty, and every domestic blessing."

"Yes, we three are very comfortable, and I never allow myself to think of a time when there will be one vacant chair," I said, relieving him of hat and cane, and moving Ella's chair toward him.

Helen went up-stairs, remaining an unreasonably long time, I thought, but finally returning she quietly took her place, and I rang for tea. A glance told me that her color was high for her, a bright red spot burning on either cheek, and her eyes sparkled and blazed as I had never seen them.

We were rather dull, and Mr. Harvey left us early, Helen accompanying him to the door while I returned to my chair after taking leave of him. Helen did not return to the sitting-room, but went directly to her room, an unwonted thing for her, who loved, of all things, a chat by the fire, when the events of the day were discussed, and plans laid for the morrow. I sat cogitating, wondering, cogitatating until the bell rang again, and Ella came in. She was greatly astonished that Helen had already retired, for the sisters were almost inseperable, and neither ever retired without the other. Ella sat awhile, recounting to me the incidents of the evening, occasionally wondering what could have sent Nell to bed so early, but always winding up with, "She must have had a headache; she would have waited for me if she had been well." I said nothing of my fears, and we separated for the night, Ella going to the room she shared with her sister, I to my lonely chamber across the hall.

When I descended to the breakfast-room the next morning, Ella was already there, but alone. Helen had a restless night, Ella said, and had not risen until the second bell rang, and was consequently not ready for breakfast.

I took up the morning paper, presuming that Helen would be down by the time I had finished the marriages and deaths, the first items which interest women, the men say. I was right, for she opened the door just as I finished the last obituary—and laying down the paper, I rose to ring for breakfast. I glanced at her and saw that she was deadly pale, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her lips compressed and bloodless. I made no remark upon her appearance, seeing that she was in no mood to hear with composure, any comment upon it or her tardiness, and checking, by a look, Ella's half-expressed wonder, we gently seated ourselves to breakfast.

I was at a loss how to proceed; so long as Helen withheld her confidence, I did not feel free to question her—and yet she was so evidently suffering from some secret trouble that I longed to comfort her by love and kindness.

Mr. Harvey's visits became even more frequent and regular, and each left Helen sadder and paler than the last. Ella was lost in wonder at the change; and I was grieved beyond expression, that her young life should be so early clouded. Her manner in his society was timid and shrinking, and she seemed to fear rather than love him. Her language, flowing like an unfettered brook in other's presence, was uncertain and hesitating, as if fear of offending him controlled her,—and when he took his departure, the look of relief in her face was unmistakeable.

The Christmas holidays were approaching, and the young folks were arranging festivities for each night of the last week of the old year. Among other entertainments to be given, was one, an evening party, by Helen and Ella, in honor of the bridal of one of their young companions. The preparations very pleasantly occupied us—even Helen becoming interested in making cake and frosting fruit, and seeming quite to forget that she had a secret care lurking under her cheerful exterior.

After one of our busiest days, she complained of being tired—and going to her room immediately after tea, said she should retire for the night, and that we should say so to any one who called.

Mr. Harvey called as usual, and seemed quite confounded when met by the information that Helen had retired, and desired to be excused to callers. Reddening to the brows, he said,

"Are you sure Miss Browne, that you understood Miss Helen aright? I desired very particularly to see her this evening, and had an engagement with her to that effect."

"Quite sure, Mr. Harvey; she was very busy all day, and pleaded extreme fatigue; indeed, she looked pale and faint enough to excuse her for denying herself to any one."

"Please present my regrets," he rejoined, coldly, "and say that I shall call to-morrow evening, hoping to find her quite restored;" and bowing, he passed out of the porch.

I was vexed that Helen should have broken an engagement, but now determined to question her as to her relations with Mr. Harvey, before she saw him again.

So, before retiring to my own room that night, I stepped softly to her bedside, as she lay motionless in the moonlight that shone in between the parted curtains. Ella was spending the night with a friend, and she was therefore alone in the room occupied by them in common. She seemed unconscious of my entrance, and lay with wide-open eyes, looking out into the moonlit night. As I walked around the foot of the bed, she turned her eyes upon me, without moving her head, but when I sat down beside her, and took in mine, the cold, listless hand that lay outside the counterpane, she suddenly turned her face upon her pillow, as if to intimate that she desired no conversation. But I was not to be so easily repelled, for I was determined to probe this secret wound from which she seemed to be suffering: so I said, as calmly as I could, caressing the cold hand meanwhile,

"Helen, my sister, I desire to know what it is that is grieving you so. I will not now speak of your apparent unkindness in keeping secret from me, your best friend, any cause of grief which you may have, but will only say that I have a right to know."

She lay silent for some moments, but at length turned her face to me, and said, with affected gayety,

"It is all imagination, dear sister; I have no trouble worth imparting to you or to any one; really I have not," she said energetically, as she perceived the look of doubt on my face.

"Why then are you so pale and listless? Why so restless and constrained in Mr. Harvey's presence—so sad and unhappy at all times?" I asked, quietly.

"Why, sister Allie, who told you that it is so?"

"Helen, I have not spoken of it before, still hoping that you would voluntarily give me your confidence—but I have not been blind, though silent, and in all that concerns those I love, my vision is preternaturally clear and true; I have *seen* that of which I speak, as well as your efforts to conceal it."

"Your sight is *too* clear, I fear, dear sister, and you have seen what has no existence," she rejoined, with an attempt at a smile.

"Helen, I will not force myself upon your confidence—but is this treatment from you deserved by me? Your reserve with me wounds me more than I can express."

"Dear, dear sister, forgive me, and I will

tell you all! Wretch that I am, to wound one who has been to me what you have been!" and she flung her arms about my neck, and dropping her head upon my shoulder, burst into tears and rending sobs.

I allowed her to exhaust her emotion, only stroking her soft, brown hair, and smoothing it back from her forehead. I did not speak, and finally, by an effort, she calmed herself, and began of her own accord—

"I know, dear sister, I should have told you long ago, of what so nearly concerns my future happiness—but fear of your disapproval deterred me. I was wrong; I know how loving, how generous you are, and I should have trusted you. Dear, Allie, Mr. Harvey has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented. There! now don't be shocked."

I *was* shocked, though not so much by his proposal, as by her consent, for I had hoped that all this evident unhappiness had been caused by resistance to his influence rather than by half-acknowledged regret at compliance; now that their engagement was a fixed fact, it was almost useless for me to pursue the subject further, for I knew Helen well enough to know that her promise once given, it would be kept, even if she immolated herself in doing it. Whatever had been the means used to gain her assent, I felt sure that love had had no part in it, on her side at least. That he loved her, with such a love as so cold a heart could feel, I had little doubt; but I could not believe that my right-minded Helen, with her high views of the sacredness of the marriage relation, could permit her idea of right to be so far obscured, as to consent, in the sight of Heaven, to promise to *love*, honor, and obey, one whom she did *not* love.

She had again buried her head in the pillow, when I turned to her, and said, taking the hand she had withdrawn,

"Helen, do you love Mr. Harvey?"

She did not reply, but on my repeating the question, she turned her face to me, and said, irritably,

"How can you ask that, Allie? You know my opinions about marriage, and you should know that the man I marry must possess my warmest regard."

This evasion did not satisfy me, and I repeated my question, slightly changing its form.

"But, Helen, are you sure that you love him as your heart and conscience tell you you should love your husband?"

"You mean do I entertain for him that romantic affection which I once thought indispensible in marriage? *No*; I do not pretend that I do; the tie between us is of a higher, more noble nature; we are not placed here for love only, but to work, and in choosing our work, and our companions in the vineyard, we must have reference to our peculiar capacities and talents, and the responsibilities attaching to them. If the Master gave me ten talents it is my duty, my *duty*, Allie, to return them to him with interest. By working side by side, and staying the hands of a noble, earnest worker such as you know Mr. Harvey to be, I will be doing my Master's work, and what is any more romantic, sentimental love beside that?" And her face glowed, and her eyes shone like stars as she spoke.

Here then was the clue for which I had been blindly groping. He had been quick to perceive her strength and her weakness; her strength in the conviction of duty and in its performance; her weakness in resisting a strong will. And now a new doubt arose. Had he intuitively perceived her indifference to him personally, and appealed directly to her religious convictions and high and over-strained sense of duty, or had he confessed his human love for her, and after a rejection, set before her duty, as he professed to see it? Also, *did* he really love her, or was she intended to be only a round in the ladder that was to lift him to fame and fortune; or was he really the self-sacrificing devotee which Helen believed him?

These speculations kept me silent; indeed, I felt that little could be done or said, for, although sure that Helen chafed in her bonds, I was equally sure that the absolute certainty of ease or happiness would have no weight in inducing her to break them. Her word was given, and that alone was sufficient to keep her at his side, while his prompting and stimulation would keep her enthusiasm constantly alive. It was hopeless, and I felt it to be so. But I might ascertain one point, if she could be induced to be frank with me. Did he really love her? For I felt that if he did, he might win hers in time, and happiness be not quite impossible. After a long silence, I turned to her again. The glow had died out of her face, the light out of her eyes, and she lay as I had found her, looking out into the night.

"Helen," I said, "does Mr. Harvey love you, or does he also intend to sacrifice himself to his idea of duty?"

She started, but did not reply immediately. At length she said slowly,

"If you mean, Allie, does he love me with man's earthly, human love, he does not; he is not, I think, capable of such a love, or, if so, has so completely subordinated his lower to his higher nature, that its impulses could have no power to move him, when duty stood in the way of its gratification."

My heart sank; the last hope was gone. I confess that the man's consistency, in sacrificing himself as well as Helen, compelled a certain amount of respect, and I also own, that had it appeared that he really loved her, and had made duty accord with his own inclination, while stimulating her to self-immolation on its altar, I should have despised him, though having more hope of ultimate happiness for both. I bent over her, and with a kiss and a silent blessing left her.

A few days after, Helen came to me, and said, with painful blushes, that Mr. Harvey wished to be married in the Spring, April she believed, and she desired to know whether it met my approval, and whether she could be ready by that time. I looked at her a moment, and was about to speak, when she raised her hand, and said, quickly,

"Not a word, Allie; I know what you would say, but I will not hear a word; it would be treason in me to listen," and immediately left the room.

We commenced our preparations with heavy hearts, even Ella being sobered by the dark cloud that had spread itself over our once happy little household.

Helen attended to every duty as punctually as ever, no detail omitted or neglected, but with a sad, weary air, occasionally varied by high and unnatural excitement, neither condition indicating the calm, joyous hope of the happy betrothed.

Helen had been married a year, when a little, wailing son was laid in her arms, and as I bent over her, she smiled sadly up into my face, and said feebly,

"Dear little fellow; my life will not be quite wasted, if I can train him up for the work I have failed to accomplish."

"*Have* you failed, Helen?" I asked.

She turned her face to the wall and made no answer. At that moment her husband came in, and advancing to the bedside, bent over her, saying in a voice, the tenderness of which surprised me, in him, usually so cold,

"How are you now, Helen? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you; I have all that I require," she replied, in a tone so cold and constrained, that I involuntarily looked at her again, in fear that she was suffering from fever. But the white brow was cool, the pulse beat equally, though somewhat feebly, and her face wore the calm, cold quiet that had been its most noticeable characteristic for months past.

Long before this Helen had subsided into the traditional minister's wife, presiding in the Sunday-school, the Bible-class, and the Dorcas Society, performing all of her duties at home and abroad punctually and conscientiously, but with none of the glow of the enthusiast, or the ardor of the devotee. They were performed *as* duties, neither more nor less, but as a cross, not as though she joyed in them, I could not understand her, and put the thought of it away from her as often as it intruded. Her manner to her husband was quiet, placid, and cold; his to her, kind and thoughtful, but not affectionate.

Mr. Harvey soon after left the room, and I never saw them together again during her illness.

A few months after the birth of Helen's baby, her husband was called to a parish in a large town, about eighty miles from us, and accepting, they left us. I saw her periodically during the next three years, in the last of which a daughter was added to the little family. The mother's health never rallied after the birth of the babe, and when it was three months old, I received a letter from Mr. Harvey, desiring me to go to them for a long visit. Meantime Ella had been married, and was the mother of a rosy, blue-eyed girl of six months. I had not seen Helen for some months, Ella and her little one occupying me exclusively, and when I did see her, I was little prepared for the change in her. She sat in an easy chair, with a large shawl around her, though the day was warm; her eyes were unnaturally large and bright, a crimson spot glowed on either cheek, the hands were thin and almost transparent, the form attenuated and stooping. Shocked as I was, I said nothing, and kissed her in silence; her greeting was as silent. Her little boy played about the room, and the babe lay in the little crib, attended by a middle-aged woman, who seemed to have charge of it and the mother. Partly from this nurse, partly from Helen, I gathered that the latter had been declining in health for some months before the birth of her babe, that she had never recovered fully, and had taken a severe cold; that her physician had advised a milder climate for the winter, and that Mr. Harvey was trying to persuade her to go to Florida, but as he could not accompany her, and the trip involved separation from her children also, she had refused. I was sent for, in the hope that my presence would cheer her, and that perhaps I would accompany her, if she could be induced to go.

The danger was certainly great, but I did not think it immediate, and suggested that a winter among the hills and valleys of Berkshire might be preferable to a residence in the cold, damp air of their seaside town. We still hesitated and discussed and were yet undecided, when a fit of coughing induced a profuse hemorrhage that instantly put to flight the slight hope I had entertained. She was dying. While she lay gasping for breath her husband, who was absent when she was seized and had been hastily summoned, rushed into the room and with a bitter cry flung himself upon his knees beside her, and burying his face in the bed, seemed as if convulsed by a grief too deep for tears. She turned upon him her glazing eyes; life seemed to return for a moment, and reaching out her hand she laid it upon his bent head. He started, lifted his face, and clutching her hand covered it with tears and kisses.

"Oh! Helen, do not leave me," he cried, desperately; "do not leave me now; stay until I win that love I have sacrificed so much for! Oh God! my punishment is just, but it is greater than I can bear." And he laid his face down upon the bed and shook with sobs.

She opened her lips, but no words came. The blue eyes closed a moment, then flew open, and with a heavenly smile and piercing gaze, as though she saw the pearly gates open before her, she passed away.

He seemed paralyzed, and knelt so motionless that I laid my hand upon his shoulder to arouse him; he then lifted his face, but so changed, so shocked was it, that I could not repress a start at sight of it. He tottered from the room, and entering one adjoining, flung himself upon the bed, where he writhed and tossed in agony. I was too much stunned to fully realize the strangeness of his condition or to be surprised at this excessive grief; it was not until I found him shut up in his room and refusing to eat or to see any one that I felt how inconsistent was such sorrow with his professed devotion and self-sacrifice to the work and will of his Divine Master.

We buried her in the village churchyard by the side of our mother, and when the last rites were over Mr. Harvey accompanied us to our old home; he went immediately to his room, whence he did not emerge until late in the afternoon of the next day. We had brought the children, with the old nurse, to our home, it having been arranged that they were to remain under my charge for the present.

When Mr. Harvey came down stairs he said to me that he intended to take the evening train for Lynn, but desired a few words in private before leaving us. I stepped into the parlor, he following, and closing the door I awaited his pleasure. He remained by the window a long time, but finally turned to me a face white as the curtain near him, and with bloodless and compressed lips and faltering voice spoke.

"Sister Allie, at the risk of forever forfeiting your esteem and confidence, I am about to confess to you the terrible, the fatal mistake of which *she* and I have been the victims. It is a confession which I never should have made had she lived, for I never ceased to hope that time would rectify it, but time is no more with the innocent victim, and it behooves me not only to clear up the mystery to you, but to relieve my own mind of the weight that oppresses it. I know not whether Helen ever explained to you the peculiar tie between us, or whether you understood the nature and extent of the influence which I once possessed over her. I loved her; loved as only men of my age love when the heart is touched for the first time. My passion was as engrossing, as unreasoning as the first love of the beardless youth, with the depth and strength of which youth is incapable. I early perceived her indifference to and avoidance of me, and saw that my only hope lay in her enthusiastic devotion to duty as she saw it; that could I excite in her a spirit of self-sacrifice to the work of her Master, an enthusiasm akin to that which carries the missionary to the burning sands of India, by representing to her the strength she could impart to me by dwelling upon the noble work for which her Maker had designed her, and for which he had implanted in her that high and sustaining sense of duty; this I saw was my only hope, and I omitted to use no argument that could influence her in this direction. I hoped that when once my wife I could win her love by devotion to her; that the very means taken to win her would prove my idolizing love too plainly to be resisted, and that she would learn to regard me not only as her apostle and priest, but the tender, loving husband, who would sacrifice all for her love. My mistake was fatal. I did not venture for a long time to disclose to her my feelings, but some time before the birth of our boy I confessed all to her and implored her to look upon me as more than her co-worker in the Master's vineyard, to take me to her woman's heart as her loving, adoring husband. But instead of a woman I found a saint whose vestal purity revolted against my human love. Too well had she learned her lesson, too entirely had she repressed the woman's heart. She did not reproach me for sacrificing her to my passion, but her sorrow in my fall from the pedestal upon which she had placed me humbled me in the dust. The gulf between us was impassable. She continued to perform her duties as wife and helper, but the soul was wanting; enthusiasm for the work there was none, and to me personally, though failing in no wifely duty, there was a fixed, despairing quiet that maddened me. She sank under it; her sorrow were upon her, and when illness seized her she had no heart or strength to resist it."

He buried his face in his hands and wept the first tears he had shed since her death.

I pitied him deeply as I grieved for my early lost sister, for I could imagine how bitter must be that sorrow intensified by remorse as was his.

He soon after took leave, and I did not see him again for months.

Soon after this, Ella, who had removed to a village some miles away, and who had been made acquainted with her sister's story, paid me a visit in the old home. Her husband was Paul Arnold, brother of Bell, Ella's school-friend.

During this visit, Ella asked me if I remembered the visit of Paul and Bell to our home some six years before, and Mr. Harvey's embarrassment when introduced to them. I had nearly forgotten it, but recalled it distinctly when reminded. Ella continued by saying that she could explain the cause of that embarrassment. Paul had told her a sad family history, soon after Helen's death.

When Mr. Harvey was a student at Yale, the Arnold's were among the wealthiest residents of New Haven, and were held in high esteem for integrity, intelligence, and liberality. There were a widowed mother, two daughters, and a son, Paul. The elder daughter was several years older than Paul, while Bell was a child.

Mr. Harvey was a frequent and welcome visitor at the Arnold mansion, and an intimacy between himself and Stella, the eldest daughter, had resulted in an engagement of marriage. They were both very young, and the mother, in consenting to an engagement, had stipulated that the marriage should be deferred until they had reached more mature years. After Mr. Harvey's graduation, he was settled in a village a few miles from New Haven, but made frequent visits to his betrothed. They had been engaged about two years, and were discussing the propriety of ending their probation, as his success seemed to justify them in marrying—and he argued that he needed co-operation in his parish, such as a wife only could give. It was still undecided, when Mrs. Arnold met with heavy and unexpected losses—her property, consisting of shares in a cotton-mill and bank, the failure of the former carrying the latter with it. The remnant saved from the wreck enabled them to continue in their old home, by practicing care and economy. They had scarcely recovered from this blow, when they received a letter from Mr. Harvey, regretting his inability to fulfill his engagement with Stella, adding to his plea that his means did not warrant him in assuming the care and support of a family—his opinion that no minister was justified in burdening himself so heavily, as to be hindered in the work to which his ordination as a minister of God had called him.

Stella reeled under it, for her heart was wholly his. She was prostrated by a dangerous illness, from which she recovered with a broken constitution, and saddened heart—and after a few years, fell into a decline, which ended her life a few weeks before the visit of Paul and Bell to our village.

This was the story which Ella related to me one afternoon in our cosy parlor, in the old home. That a curse had followed this man, and that our lost darling had unwittingly fallen under its shadow, we felt too keenly. His two victims rested peacefully; could *he* ever find rest, we asked ourselves. God knows.

BERTIE BRUCE.

THE END.

Filial Love.

A plain old gentleman went with his team to bring home his sons, two young sprigs who were soon expecting to graduate. While returning they stopped at a hotel in a country town for dinner. The landlord, struck with the dashing appearance of the two young gentlemen, made himself very officious, while he took the old gentleman, from his homespun appearance, to be nothing but a driver, and asked them if they wished the driver to sit at the same table with them.

"Well, Dick," said the younger, aside to his brother, "as he is our father, and it is his team, and he will bear the expenses, I think we had better let him eat with us."

"Yes, I think so, too, under the circumstances," Dick replied. "Landlord, give him a place at the table."

☞ Peach trees have been in bloom in Delaware for two weeks.

☞ One man in Erie county has made over half a ton of maple sugar this season.

☞ Tax was paid last year on 11,140,727 dogs in England, Ireland and Scotland.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

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CHAPTER XXXII.

COMPLICATION.

After leaving the captain's study, Kidd halted in the ante-room, not because he had any plan formed, but through that instinct which urges villains of his species not to leave a good place till compelled. He had heard the captain summon his assistento. The latter, after a few moments' absence, returned to the ante-room with a look of importance which at once caused the adventurer to reflect, and suggested to him the idea of knowing what the conversation was the soldier had held with his chief. Isedro, the captain's assistento, was an Opatas Indian, of tried bravery and fidelity. Unluckily, though he did his duty in the battle-field, his intellect was rather restricted, and, like all Indians, he had a propensity for strong liquors, which had several times brought him to great grief. Kidd was familiar with the soldier, and knew his weakness; hence his plan was formed in a moment.

"Since you remain here," he said to him, "I shall be off: when I came to speak to the captain, I left a nearly full bottle of mezcal at the tocanda of Master Cospeto, and on my word I feel inclined to go and finish it. I will not invite you to accompany me, for your duty keeps you here; otherwise you may be assured that I should be delighted to empty it with you."

"My duty does not keep me here," the Indian answered; "on the contrary, I have a long ride to make this very night."

"A long ride!" the adventurer exclaimed; "caral! it is the same case with me—and as I know no better preservative against the night cold than mezcal, that is why I meant to empty the bottle before mounting. If your inclinations lie the same way, it is at your service."

We will allow that the assistento hesitated.

"Have you also a ride to take?" he asked.

"Yes—and I suspect that yours is as long as mine: well, I am going a long distance; what direction do you follow?"

"The captain sends me to Arispe," the bandit answered, boldly.

"Why how singular that is! we shall follow the same road."

"That is indeed strange. Well, is it settled?—will you drink the stirrup-cup with me?"

"Upon due reflection—I see no harm in it."

"Let us make haste, then," the brigand continued—for he feared lest the captain might catch him with his assistento; "we have no time to lose."

For reasons best known to himself, the adventurer left the Indian at the house door, bidding him bring his horse to Cospeto's rancho, where he would join him in a few minutes, and they would set out on their journey together. Kidd merely wanted to warn the mesonero, with whom he had lodged the bailiff, not to let him go away on any excuse—"Watch him closely, and at the slightest suspicious movement go and inform Captain Don Marios Nija"—who, for reasons connected with the public safety, did not wish to let these strangers out of sight. The mesonero promised to carry out his instructions faithfully; and, re-assured on this point, the adventurer, fetched his horse from the corral, and went to join the Opatas at Senor Cospeto's rancho, as had been agreed on. On reaching the inn by one street, to his great satisfaction he saw the orderly arriving by another, mounted, and ready to start. The two friends entered the rookery to which we have already conducted the reader.

The adventurer honorably kept his word; not only did he order a bottle of mezcal, but at the same time one of excellent Catalonian refino. The Indian's prudence was entirely routed by such generosity; the more so because he had no reason to distrust the bandit, with whom he had already made several excursions, and regarded him as an excellent comrade. Kidd, in order to avoid any doubts on the part of his comrade, was careful not to ask him any question; he merely poured him out glass after glass, and when the bottles were empty, the Indian had drunk the greater part of their contents, as Kidd desired to retain his coolness. When they had finished, the bandit rose, paid the score, and called for another bottle of refino.

"This is for the road," he said.

"An excellent idea," remarked the assistento, whose eyes flashed like carbuncles, and who was beginning to have a very vague notion of the state of affairs. They left the rancho, and mounted their horses. Kidd was rather anxious as to how he should get out of the rancho, as he had no pass of any sort; for if it were difficult to get into the Real de Minas, it was quite as much to get out of it. Luckily for the adventurer, Isedro's pass was in perfect order, and when he showed it at the gate, where he was perfectly well known to all the soldiers on duty, he said, pointing to Kidd, "This caballero goes with me." The soldiers, aware that Isedro was the confidential man of the captain, did not offer the slightest difficulty, but allowed them to pass, and wished them a lucky journey. When the adventurer found himself in the open country he drew a deep breath of relief, as he gave his too confiding comrade a sarcastic glance.

"Now," he said, "we must take the shortest road, in order to arrive sooner."

"What, are there two roads?" Isedro asked.

"There are ten," Kidd replied coolly; "but the shortest runs almost in a right line, and passes close to the Hacienda del Toro."

"Let us take that, then."

"Why that more than another?"

"Because I am going to the hacienda."

"Ah," the adventurer said, pleasantly, "let us take a drink, and start." Uncorking the bottle, he took a pull, and then handed it to his companion, who imitated him, with an evident expression of pleasure.

"You say, then," Kidd resumed, as he smacked his lips, "that you are going to the Hacienda del Toro?"

"Yes, I am."

"It is a good house, and most hospitable."

"Do you know it?"

"Caral! I should think so. The majordomo is my intimate friend. What happy days I have spent with that excellent Senor Paredes!"

"Since it is your road, why not call there with me, as you are certain of a kind reception?"

"I do not say I will not; I suppose you are going to ask the marquis for some men, as soldiers are scarce at the pueblo?"

"I do not think that is the case. Don Hernando has already authorized the captain to enlist his miners, and the peons left him he will need to defend the hacienda in the event of an attack."

"That is true; besides, it is no business of mine. Let every man have his own secrets."

"Oh, I do not think there is any great secret in the matter; the captain is a near relation of the marquis; they often write to each other, and the letter I am ordered to deliver will only refer, I expect, to family matters and private interests."

"That is probable; the more so, because it is said that the marquis's affairs are in a very bad state at present."

"So it is said; but I have heard that they are about to be settled."

"Caral! I wish it with all my heart, for it is a pity to see one of the oldest families of the province reduced. Suppose we drink the health of the marquis."

"With pleasure."

The bottle was hugged for the second time by the two companions. A man may be an Opatas Indian, that is to say, of herculean stature, with a breast arched like tortoise-shell; but he cannot swallow with impunity such a prodigious quantity of alcohol as Isedro had absorbed without beginning to feel intoxicated. The assistento, strong though he was, tottered on his horse; his eyes began to close, and his tongue to grow thick. But, excited as he was by liquor, the more difficulty he experienced in speaking the more he wanted to do so. The adventurer eagerly followed the progress of his comrade's intoxication, while careful not to let him see that he was aware of his condition.

"Yes, yes," the Indian continued, "the affairs of the marquis might easily be arranged sooner than is supposed, comrade."

"With his name it cannot be difficult for him to procure money."

"Nonsense! that is not the point, and I know what I know."

"Exactly, Senor Isedro; and as what you know may be a secret, I will not urge you to tell it me."

"Did I say that it was a secret?" the Indian objected.

"No, but I suppose so."

"You are wrong to suppose so; and, besides, you are my friend, are you not?"

"I believe so," the adventurer answered, modestly.

"Well, if you are my friend, I have nothing to conceal from you."

"That is true; still, if you consider it your duty to hold your tongue—"

"Hold my tongue! why so? Have you any pretence to silence me?"

"I? Heaven forbid, and the proof is, here's your health."

The Indian began laughing.

"That is what is called an unanswerable argument," he said, as he placed the bottle to his lips and threw back his head, as if contemplating the stars.

He remained in this position till all the remaining liquor had passed down his throat.

"Ah!" he said, with an accent of regret, "it was good."

"What do you mean?" Kidd exclaimed, with pretended surprise; "is there none left?"

"I do not think so," the Indian remarked, with a drunkard's gravity; "it is a pity that these bottles are so small."

And with that he threw it into the road.

"I agree with you that the rancheros are robbers."

"Yes," said the assistento, with a hiccough, "robbers; but soon—we shall drink as much as we like."

"Eh, eh, that will not be unpleasant; but where will it be?"

"Where?" why, at the Hacienda del Toro."

"Yes, they never refuse a draught of mezcal to an honest man in that house."

"Nonsense, a draught! you are jesting, comrade; "whole bottles would be nearer the truth. Besides, do you fancy the marquis will look into matters so closely at his daughter's marriage?"

"What?"

"Where on earth do you come from, that you are ignorant of that? Nothing else is spoken of in the country."

"It is the first I have heard of it."

"Well, all the better; I will tell you. Dona Marianna, a pretty girl, caral! is going to marry a senator, no one less."

The adventurer suddenly pricked up his ears.

"A senator?" he repeated.

"This seems to surprise you. Why should not a pretty girl marry a senator? I consider you a curious comrade to doubt my word."

"I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do; ugly brute that you are."

The intoxication of the Opatas was at its height. Excited even more by the horse's gallop and the adventurer's artfully managed contradiction, Isedro felt passion mount to his head. The intoxication of Indians is horrible: they become raving madmen; their heated brain gives birth to the strangest hallucinations, and under the influence of spirits they are capable of the greatest crimes. The bandit was aware of all these peculiarities, by which he hoped to profit; he had drawn from the Indian all that he wanted to learn from him; he had squeezed him like a lemon, and now only wanted to throw away the peel. We need hardly say that at this hour of the night the road the two travellers were following was completely deserted, and that Kidd did not fear any overlookers of what he intended doing. They were riding at this moment along the course of a small stream, a confluent of the Rio Bravo del Norte, whose wooded banks afforded sufficient concealment. The adventurer made his horse bound on one side, and drawing his machette, exclaimed,

"Brute yourself, you drunken Opatas!" At the same moment he dealt the poor fellow such a sudden blow that he fell off his horse like a log. But he rose to his feet tottering, and though stunned by the attack, and seriously wounded, he drew his sabre, and rushed on the bandit with a yell of fury. But the latter was on his guard; he attentively watched his enemy's movements, and urged his horse forwards. The Indian, thrown down by the animal's ghost, rolled on the ground, where he lay without stirring. Was he dead? Kidd supposed so; but the bandit was a very prudent man, Indians are crafty, and this death might be a feint. Kidd therefore watched quietly a few paces from his victim, for he was in no hurry.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the Indian had not made a movement. Reas-

sured by his complete immobility, the bandit resolved to dismount and go up to him. All at once the Opatas rose; with a tiger leap he bounded on the adventurer, twined his arms round him, and the two men rolled on the ground, uttering savage yells, and trying to take each other's life. It was a short but horrible struggle. The Opatas, in spite of his wounds, derived a factitious strength from the fury that animated him and the excitement produced by intoxication, which was heightened by his ardent desire to take revenge for the cowardly treachery of which he was the victim.

Unhappily, the efforts he was compelled to make opened his wounds, and his blood flowed in streams; and with his blood he felt his life departing. He made a supreme effort to strangle the miserable adventurer in his clenched fingers; but the latter, by a sudden and cleverly calculated movement, succeeded in liberating himself from the Indian's iron grasp. He rose quickly, and at the moment when the assistento recovered from his surprise, and prepared to renew the fight, Kidd raised his machete, and cleft the poor fellow's head.

"Dog! accursed dog!" he yelled.

The Indian remained on his feet for a moment, tottering from right to left; he took a step forward with outstretched arms, and then fell with his face to the ground and the death-rattle in his throat. This time he was really dead.

"Well," Kidd muttered, as he thrust his machete several times into the ground, in order to remove the blood, "that was tough work; these demons of Indians must be killed twice to make sure they do not recover. What is to be done now?"

He reflected for a few moments; then walked up to the corpse, turned it over, and opened the breast of the uniform to obtain the letter. He had no difficulty in finding it; he placed it in his own pocket, and then stripped his victim, on the chance that he might want to use his uniform. But two things troubled him: the first was the soldier's horse; the second, his bag. The horse he made no attempt to seize; so soon as its master was wounded, the animal started off at a gallop into the wood; and as it would have been madness to try and find it on so dark a night, the adventurer did not attempt it. Still the flight of the horse alarmed him. Any person who found it would take it back to the pueblo, and then suspicions would be aroused which might soon be fixed on him, although he felt almost certain that the soldiers who saw him leave the town with the assistento had not recognized him; but his absence from the pueblo would appear suspicious to the captain, who was acute, and as he knew Kidd so well, would not hesitate to accuse him.

The affair was embarrassing; but luckily for him, the adventurer was a man of resources. Any other person would have fastened a stone to the body, and thrown it into the stream, but the bandit carefully avoided that. Such an expeditious method, while getting rid of the victim, would only have increased the suspicions; besides water is not a good keeper of secrets; one day or another the body would rise perhaps to the surface, and then the nature of the wounds would reveal the hand that dealt them. Kidd hit upon a more simple or sure plan, or at least he thought so. With horrible coolness he scalped the corpse, and threw the scalp into the stream, after rolling it round a large stone; this first profanation accomplished, he made a cross cut on the victim's chest, plucked out his heart, which he also threw into the river, and then plaiting together a few flexible lianas, he formed a cord, which he fastened to the feet of the corpse, and hung it from the main branch of a tree.

"There!" he said, with satisfaction, when the horrible task was completed, "that is all right, carai! I am ready to wager my share of paradise with the first comer that the cleverest people will be taken in. The Indians are in the field at this very moment, and hang me if every one will not be convinced that this drunken scoundrel was scalped by the Apaches."

In fact, all the hideous mutilating which this villain has made his victim undergo is employed by the Indian braves upon their enemies. Frightful though the deed was, Kidd consequently, in the impossibility he found of disposing of the body, had employed the best means in which to divert suspicion.

Before leaving the scene of the murder, the bandit carefully washed the soldier's clothes, and removed any blood-stains from his own; then, after assuring himself by a searching glance that there was nothing to announce the crime of which he had been guilty, he whistled up his horse, and mounted, after carefully fastening the soldier's uniform behind him. He rolled a cigarette, lit it, and set out again, with the satisfaction of a man who had just succeeded in a most important affair, which had caused him great anxiety.

It was somewhat by chance that Kidd originally told the assistento that he was proceeding to Arispe; but the discovery of the letter, and the soldier's confidential remarks, had converted this chance into certainty. The bandit had discovered, amid all poor Isedro's drunken maundering, one leading idea, and scented a profitable stroke of business. He comprehended of what importance it would be to Don Rufino to be informed of all that was going on at the pueblo at the Hacienda del Toro, that he might be able to arrange his plans with certainty. Consequently, the adventurer resolved to ride at full speed to Arispe, determined to make the senator pay dearly for the news he brought, while making a mental reservation, with that adventurous logic he was so skilful in, to betray Don Rufino on the first opportunity, if his own interests demanded that painful sacrifice of him. All this being thoroughly settled in his mind, the bandit started at full speed in the direction of Arispe, which city he reached by sunrise.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TWO VILLAINS.

As Kidd was well known, he easily obtained admission to the town; but when he had passed the gates, he reflected that it was too early for him to call on the senator, who would still be asleep. Hence he proceeded straight to a rancho he knew, a suspicious den, the usual gathering-place of fellows of his sort, where he was certain of a hearty welcome by payment. In fact, the ranchero, who on first seeing him assumed an ill-omened grimace, greeted him with the most agreeable smile when he flashed before his eyes some piastres and gold coins.

The adventurer entered the rancho, left his horse in the corral, and immediately began to arrange his toilette, which was as a general rule neglected, but which his struggle with the assistento and his hurried ride had rendered more disorderly than usual; and then waited, smoking and drinking, for the hour to arrive when he should pay his respects to Don Rufino.

The ranchero, who was thoroughly acquainted with his man and his habits, prowled round him in vain to try and sound him and learn the causes of his appearance in Arispe, where for certain reasons the police did not care to see him. This rendered his journeys to that town rather few and far between; for the police there, as elsewhere, are very troublesome to a certain class of citizens. But vainly did the ranchero try all his cleverest ruses, his most delicate insinuations; Kidd only answered his questions by insignificant phrases, crafty smiles and winks; but in the end he remained perfectly impenetrable, a want of confidence by which the ranchero was greatly insulted, and he swore to himself to be avenged on the bandit for it some day.

When the Cabildo clock struck nine, Kidd thought it was time to be off; he rose, majestically threw a piastre on the table in payment of his score, wrapped his zarape round him, and left the house.

"Whom can he have assassinated to be so rich?" the ranchero asked himself, as he cunningly watched him depart.

A reflection which proved that the worthy ranchero was well acquainted with his man.

Kidd felt he was watched, and hence carefully avoided going straight to the senator's house; on the contrary, affecting the careless demeanor of a lounger, he set out in the diametrically opposite direction. The adventurer then walked about the town for half an hour, while carefully avoiding the more frequented streets, for fear of attracting attention on himself; thus he gradually approached the senator's mansion, and hurriedly slipped under the zanguan, after assuring himself by a glance all around that no one had seen him enter.

"Hallos, you fellow!" a voice suddenly shouted to him, making him start and stop; "where the deuce are you going like that? and what do you want here?"

The adventurer raised his eyes, and saw an individual of a certain age, easily to be recognized as a domestic by his clothing, who was standing in the hall door, and resolutely barring his way.

"What do I want?" the bandit repeated, to give himself time to seek an answer.

"Yes, what do you want? That is clear enough, I suppose?"

"Carai! it is clear; what can I want except to see his Excellency, Senator Don Rufino Contreras?"

"Excellent," the other said, derisively; "and do you suppose his Excellency will receive you without knowing who you are?"

"And why not, if you please, senor?"

"Because you do not look like drawing-room company."

"Do you think so?" the bandit said, haughtily.

"Why, that is plain enough; you much more resemble a lepero than a caballero.

"You are not polite, my good fellow; what you say may be correct, but the remark is uncalled for; patched clothes often conceal very honorable caballeros, and if I have been ill treated by fortune, that is no reason why you should throw it in my teeth so sharply."

"Enough of this, and be off."

"I shall not stir till I have seen the senator."

The man-servant gave him a side look, which the other endured with imperturable coolness.

"Do you mean that?" he asked him.

"I really do."

"For the last time, I order you to be gone," the valet went on, menacingly.

"Take care of what you are doing, comrade; I have to talk with the senor, and he is expecting me."

"Expecting you?"

"Yes, me!" the scoundrel answered, majestically.

The servant shrugged his shoulders contemptuously: still he reflected, and asked with a more conciliatory tone than he had yet employed—"Your name?"

"You do not want to know it; merely tell your master that I have just come from the Hacienda del Toro."

"If that is the case, why did you not tell me so before?"

"Probably because you did not ask me. Go and announce me to your master; you have kept me waiting too long already."

The domestic went off without replying, and Kidd took advantage of his departure to install himself in the vestibule. For a hundred reasons he did not like the vicinity of the street, and he was glad to be no longer exposed to the curious glances of passers-by. The absence of the servant was not long, and when he returned, his manner was entirely changed.

"Caballero," he said, with a bow, "if you will do me the honor of following me, his Excellency is waiting for you."

"Fellow! too insolent before, too humble now," the adventurer said, crushing him with a contemptuous glance; "show the way."

And, laughing in his beard, he followed the footman, who was red with anger and shame at this haughty reprimand.

Mexican houses, except in the great cities, are ordinarily built but one story high; they are generally very slightly constructed, owing to the earthquakes, which are extremely frequent in intertropical countries, and destroy in a few seconds towns, and entirely ruin them. The result of this mode of building is that nearly all the apartments are on the ground-floor; and then there are no staircases to ascend or descend, which, in our opinion, is very agreeable. The adventurer remarked with some degree of pleasure, that the valet led him through several rooms before reaching the one in which the senator was sitting; at length he turned the handle of the door, threw it open, and stepped aside to let the bandit pass. The latter walked in boldly, like a man certain of a hearty reception.

"Ah!" said the senator, starting slightly at seeing him, "it is you."

"Yes," he replied, with a graceful bow.

"Retire," Don Rufino said to the valet; "I am not at home to any one, and do not come in till I call you."

The valet bowed, went out, and closed the door behind him. As if by common accord, the two stood silently listening till the valet's footsteps died away in the distance; then, without saying a word, Kidd threw open the folding doors.

"Why do you do that?" Don Rufino asked him.

"Because we have to talk about serious matters; the *petates* spread over the floors of your rooms deaden footsteps—and your servant has an excellent spy's face."

The senator made no remark; he doubtless recognized the correctness of his singular visiter's argument.

"It is you then, bandit," he said at last.

"I fancy I can notice that you did not expect me?"

"I confess it; I will even add that I did not in the slightest desire your visit."

"You are very forgetful of your friends, Don Rufino, and it makes me feel sorry for you," the bandit answered, with a contrite air.

"What do you mean, scoundrel, by daring to use such language to me?"

Kidd shrugged his shoulders, drew up a butacca, and fell into it with a sigh of relief.

"I must observe," he said, with the most imperturbable coolness, "that you forgot to offer me a chair."

Then, crossing one leg over the other, he began rolling a cigarette, a task to which he gave the most serious attention. The senator frowningly examined the adventurer; for this bandit to dare assume such a tone with him, he must have very powerful weapons in his hands, or be the bearer of news of the highest importance. In either case he must be humored. Don Rufino immediately softened the expression of his face, and handed the adventurer a beautifully chased gold mechero.

"Pray, light your cigarette, my dear Kidd," he said, with a pleasant smile.

The bandit took the mechero, and examined it with admiration.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a splendidly feigned regret, "I have dreamed for years that I possessed such a toy—but, unluckily, fortune has ever thwarted me."

"If it please you so much," Don Rufino answered, with a mighty effort, "I shall be delighted to make you a present of it."

"You are really most generous. Believe me, senor, that any present coming from you will always be most precious in my eyes."

And, after lighting his cigarette, he unceremoniously placed the mechero in his pocket.

"Of course your visit has an object?" the senator said, after a moment's interval.

"They always have, senor," the other answered, as he enveloped himself in a cloud of blue smoke, which issued from his nose and mouth; "the first was to see you."

"I thank you for the politeness; but I do not think that is sufficient reason for forcing your way in here."

"Forcing is rather a harsh word, senor," the bandit said, sorrowfully; but he suddenly changed his tone, and assumed his usual sharp, quick way. "Come, Don Rufino, let us deal fairly, and not waste our time in compliments which neither of us believes."

"I wish nothing better; speak, then, and the plague take you."

"Thank you. I prefer that mode of speech, for at least I recognize you. I am about to give you an example of frankness; I have come, not to propose a bargain, but to sell you certain information, and a letter of the utmost importance to you, which I obtained—no matter how—solely on your account."

"Good; let us see whether I can accept the bargain."

"In the first place, allow me to say two words, so as to thoroughly establish our reciprocal position. Our situation has greatly changed during the last few days; I no longer fear you, but you, on the contrary, are afraid of me."

"I afraid of you?"

"Yes, senor, because I hold your secret, and you can no longer threaten to kill me, as you did at our last interview."

"Oh! oh! And why not, if you please?" the senator asked.

"Because we are alone, you are unarmed. I am stronger than you, and at your slightest movement I would blow out your brains like those of a wild beast. Do you now comprehend me, my dear sir?" he added, as he drew a brace of pistols from under his zarape; "what do you think of these playthings?"

"They are tolerably good, I should fancy," the senator replied, coldly; "and what do you say to these?" he added, as he uncovered a brace of magnificent pistols hidden under the papers scattered over the table at which he was seated.

"They are detestable."

"Why so?"

"Because you would not dare use them."

The senator smiled ironically.

"Laugh, if you like, my master; I like best to see you treat the matter in that way; but I repeat that you are in my power this time, instead of my being in yours. I have delivered to Captain Don Marcos Nija certain papers, which, were they opened by him, might, I fear, gravely compromise you: there is one among them, the tenor of which is as follows:—'I, the undersigned, declare that my valet, Lupino Contraries, has treacherously assassinated and deserted me in a frightful desert, and there plundered me of everything I possessed, consisting of two mules laden with gold-dust, and two thousand three hundred gold ounces in current money. On the point of appearing before my God, and not hoping to survive my wounds, I denounce this wretch, etc., etc. Signed ——.' Shall I tell the name of the signer? But what is the matter with you, my dear sir? Do you feel ill? You are as pale as a corpse."

In truth, on hearing the narrative, which the bandit told with a species of complacency, the senator was seized with such a violent fit of terror that for a moment he was on the point of fainting.

"It is extraordinary," the bandit continued, "how nothing can be trusted to in this world. Just take the case of this excellent Lupino, who had arranged a most delightful trap in the adroitest manner: for more surety, he waited till they were on the other side of the Indian border, at a spot where not a soul passes once in two years; he fires his pistols point blank into his master's back and goes off, of course taking with him the fortune so honorably acquired. Well, fatality decrees that the master whom he had every reason for believing dead is not quite so; he has time to take out his tablets, and write in pencil a perfectly regular denunciation, and then this demon of a fatality, which never does things by halves, brings to these parts a hunter, who picks up the tablets. It is enough to make a man turn honest, dence take me if it is not, had he not quite made up his mind to the contrary."

During this long harangue the senator had time to recover from the shock, and regain his coolness. By a supreme effort of the will he had restored calmness to his face, and forced his lips to smile.

"Carai!" he said, with a laugh that resembled gnashing of teeth, "that is a wonderful story, and admirably arranged. Permit me, dear senor, to congratulate you on your inventive faculty; it is charming, on my word. But who on earth do you expect to believe such a story?"

"You, first of all, senor, for you know the truth of the story better than anybody."

"Nonsense! you are mad, upon my honor."

"Not quite so mad as you fancy, for the proofs are in my hands."

"I do not say they are not; but admitting the reality of the facts you allege, they took place a long time ago; this Lupino Contraries has disappeared; he is dead, perhaps: as for his master, the pistols were too well loaded to give him a chance of escape. Who takes any interest in a dead man—especially in our country?"

"How do you know that the weapons were so carefully loaded?"

"I suppose so."

"Suppositions are always the plague in business matters. Between ourselves, do you think it would be so difficult to find this Lupino Contraries in Rufino Contreras? I think not."

The senator felt his face flush involuntarily.

"Senor," he said, "such an insinuation—"

"Has nothing that needs offend you," Kidd interrupted him, calmly; "it is a supposition, nothing more; now, continuing our suppositions, let us admit for a moment that this master, whom his valet is persuaded he killed, should be, on the contrary, alive and—"

"Oh, that is quite impossible."

"Do not interrupt me so, senor. And, I say, were to lay his hand on his valet's shoulder, as I lay mine on your's, and assert, 'This is my assassin!' what answer would you give to that?"

"I—I!" the senator exclaimed, wildly; "what answer should I give?"

"You would give none," the bandit continued, as he took and thrust into his belt the pistols which the senator, in his trouble, had let fall; "overcome by the evidence, and crushed by the very presence of your victim, you would be irretrievably lost."

There was a second of horrible silence between these two men, who looked at each other as if about to have a frightful contest. At length the senator's emotion was calmed by its very violence; he passed his hand over his damp forehead, and, drawing himself up to his full height, said, sharply—

"After this, what would you of me?"

"I am waiting to hear your resolution before I offer any conditions."

Don Rufino Contreras remained for some minutes plunged in deep thought. Kidd watched him attentively, ready to make use of his weapons if he saw the senator attempt any suspicious movement; but the latter did not even dream of it. Annihilated by the adventurer's staggering revelation, he looked round him wildly, racking his brain in vain to discover some way of escape from the terrible dilemma in which he was placed. At length he raised his head, and looked the bandit fiercely in the face.

"Well, yes," he said to him resolutely, "all that you have narrated is true. I cowardly assassinated, to rob him of his fortune, the man who offered me a helping hand in my misery, and treated me as a friend rather than a servant. But this fortune, however badly it may have been acquired, I possess; by its means I have acquired a position in the world; by roguery and falsehood I have succeeded in imposing on everybody; I have rank and a name; and death alone could make me resign this position, so hardly attained. Now that I have spoken frankly with you, it is your turn to do the same. Tell me the conditions you intend to impose on me, and if they are fair, I will accept them; if not, whatever the consequences may be, I shall refuse them. Take care, for I am not the man to remain at the mercy of a villain like you; sooner than accept so horrible a situation I would denounce myself, and drag you down in my fall. Reflect carefully, then, before answering me, comrade, for my proposition is in earnest. Once the bargain is concluded between us, we will say no more about it. I give you ten minutes to answer me."

This clear and categorical proposal affected the bandit more than he liked to show. He understood that he had to do with one of those indomitable men who, once they have made their mind up, never alter it. The adventurer had nothing to gain by ruining Don Rufino; on the contrary, moreover, that never entered into his plan; he hoped to terrify him, and had succeeded; and now the only thing to be done by these two men, so well suited to understand each other, since they had frankly settled facts, was to attack the pecuniary question, and treat it as skillfully as they could; Kidd therefore prepared to begin the assault.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Awful Story.

There was once an awful little girl who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street in an awful village, which was an awful distance from any other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she eat an awful amount of food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state, and if she don't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by-and-by, come to an awful end.

☞ The *Westminster Review* contains the following significant lines:—"The long annals of the world are but a record of the rise and fall of successive empires. 'Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?' Is the British Empire now, ere scarce its limits are understood, to be numbered with the things that were but are not? Is England to part with her possessions, and become once more a second-rate power, with interests bounded by the seas that wash her shores? This is the question which now has to be answered, and which her statesmen are called upon to consider."

☞ A beautiful specimen of rose-tinted honey was lately contributed by a London firm to the South Kensington Museum. On inquiry it proved to be the result of an experiment instituted by a lady. Having a swarm of bees in a hive with a glass cover, she noticed that after making two small pieces of comb they ceased work. She then began to feed them with honey mixed with water highly colored with cochineal, and scented with rose-water. The result was thirty-three pounds of rose-tinted honey.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The season of thunder-storms and tornadoes is approaching. Already, from the West, we have reports of terrific gales, blowing people and property about in the manner peculiar to high winds in that region.

The temperature of the present spring is rather against those meteorologists who have declared that the damp and chilly springs experienced since 1865, were to be a permanent characteristic of our climate. Their next prediction we presume will be, that hereafter apple-blossoms will open in April with the regularity they have formerly observed in May.

It is said that the climate of Madrid does not agree with the new King of Spain, and that he contemplates a removal to Malaga. It is insinuated that the fear of assassination has something to do with the proposed change.

There is a considerable immigration of English miners to this country. From Cornwall, the exodus has already been so great as to cause a scarcity of hands.

The conference recently held at Washington between the representatives of Spain and those of several of the South American States with which she has been on ill terms since they threw off her rule—a war of feeling if not of fact existing between her and the republics—resulted in the establishment of better relations.

John Ruskin, the great European art-critic, has written an essay on the Franco-German war. He rather surprisingly refers the real origin of the struggle away back to Louis IX. and his brother.

From Pittsburg and the western counties of Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, Philadelphia has a steady immigration of wealthy families in search of permanent homes, attracted by the fame of this city as a place of bodily comforts. The fortunes these people bring with them may be inferred from the fact that the average price of the houses they buy is thirty-three thousand dollars. This is one explanation of "where the money comes from." The wealth accumulated in the coal, iron, and oil business in that part of the country is brought here to be spent and enjoyed.

The agricultural journals begin to talk of a new industry, the manufacture of sugar from sweet potatoes; and from St. Joseph, Mo., we learn that wine is made of parsnips. Let us have vinegar from tomatoes, and then our obligations to the vegetable world will be complete.

Grace Greenwood very felicitiously calls the late scene in the Senate between Garret Davis and General Butler, an "optical duel."

Fifteen persons between the ages of 90 and 100 years died in Philadelphia during the month of March.

An interesting table showing the death rate of the chief cities of the county is published. From it we learn that Cincinnati is the healthiest city in the Union, and Philadelphia the next on the list.

The Origin of Hand-Shaking.

The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides, or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty"—to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of candor, frankness, and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined, or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hand; whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

7-30 GOLD LOAN

OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

RAPID PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, (begun July last,) is being pushed forward with great energy from both extremities of the line. Several thousand men are employed in Minnesota and on the Pacific coast. The grade is nearly completed 266 miles westward from Lake Superior; trains are running over 130 miles of finished road, and tracklaying is rapidly progressing toward the eastern border of Dakota. Including its purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Road, the North Pacific Company now has 413 miles of completed road—and by September next, this will be increased to at least 500.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. Jay Cooke & Co. are now selling, and unhesitatingly recommend, as a Profitable and perfectly Safe Investment, the First Mortgage Land Grant Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. They have 30 years to run, bear Seven and Three-Tenths per cent. gold interest (more than 8 per cent. currency) and are secured by first and only mortgage on the ENTIRE ROAD AND ITS EQUIPMENTS, and also, as fast as the Road is completed, on

23,000 ACRES OF LAND to every mile of track, or 5000 Acres for each $1,000 Bond. They are exempt from U. S. Tax; Principal and Interest are payable in Gold; Denominations: Coupons, $100 to $1,000; Registered, $100 to $10,000.

LANDS FOR BONDS. Northern Pacific 7-30's are at all times receivable at TEN PER CENT. ABOVE PAR, in exchange for the Company's Lands, at their lowest cash price. This renders them practically *interest bearing land warrants.*

SINKING FUND. The proceeds of all sales of Lands are required to be devoted to the re-purchase and cancellation of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Company. The Land Grant of the Road exceeds Fifty Million Acres. This immense Sinking Fund will undoubtedly cancel the principal of the Company's bonded debt before it falls due. With their ample security and high rate of interest, there is no investment accessible to the people, which is more *profitable or safe.*

EXCHANGING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES. The success of the New Government 5 per cent. Loan will compel the early surrender of United States 6 per cents. Many holders of Five-Twenties are now exchanging them for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, thus realizing a handsome profit, and greatly increasing their yearly income.

OTHER SECURITIES.—All marketable Stocks and Bonds will be received at their highest current price in exchange for Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties. *Express charges* on Money or Bonds received, and on Seven-Thirties sent in return, will be paid by the Financial Agents. Full information, maps, pamphlets, etc., can be obtained on application at any agency, or from the undersigned.

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apr1-3t

One of the Rings of Saturn Lost.

Prof. Sturve, the distinguished astronomer, of Poltowa, has been for years watching the rings of Saturn; and the inner one of the three rings, an obscure, partly transparent mass of what appears to be vapor, has been seen to approach the body of the planet, and to widen its distance from the other rings, which seemed to be fluid in character, or perhaps made up of myriads of small bodies, moving together like the streams of meteors which supply the meteoric showers. But during several months past this inner ring has fallen more rapidly, and finally the attraction of Saturn entirely overcame the centrifugal force, and it closed upon the body of the planet, forming a belt, which was gradually diffused over its surface, so that now there is no trace whatever of the ring left. Is this to be the fate also of the other rings? or will they ultimately gather into satellites, as is more commonly supposed?

☞ The hearts of the fair sex are as a general thing, so adamantine, that diamonds must be used if one wishes to cut his way into the female heart. So writes a crusty old bachelor who has been discarded a dozen times.

☞ Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.

☞ A sign in a western city announces, "Boots Blacked Inside."

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Heimbold.*

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P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Boys.	WHO HAVE THE SELECTION	Youth.
Boys.	OF	Youth.
Boys.	**Boys' Clothing!**	Youth.
Boys.	—	Youth.
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Boys.	SPECIAL DEPARTMENT	Youth.
Boys.	FOR	Youth.
Boys.	**Boys' and Youths'**	Youth.
Boys.	**CLOTHING!**	Youth.
Boys.	A BEAUTIFUL VARIETY	Youth.
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Boys.	"SCOTCH SUITS," &c.	Youth.
Boys.	—	Youth.
Boys.	*FOR BOYS AND YOUTH*	Youth.
Boys.	WE HAVE	Youth.
Boys.	ALL STYLES AND SIZE.	Youth.
Boys.	*Prices VERY LOW this Season.*	Youth.

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2	"	payments	"	"	"	"	4	"	12 "
3	"	"	"	"	"	"	6	"	27 "
4	"	"	"	"	"	"	8	"	41 "
5	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	"	56 "
6	"	"	"	"	"	"	12	"	41 "

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NEW YORK, March 11th, 1870.

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I have this day received (*at the New York Office of the Company,* 271 *Broadway, cor. Chambers Street,*) THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE DOLLARS, this being *the full amount* due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

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jan14-13teow

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sep17-1y

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HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVES. I will send, free, to Invalids, a certain Cure for *Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, &c.* Address, with stamp, Dr. N. PALMER, Brooklyn, N. Y. mh18-13t

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A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Fits, and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PERRY BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. Persons desiring a copy may address DR. O. PERRY BROWN, No. 31 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

mh4-13t

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed,* makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed.* The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep17-1y

NEW LOAN
OF THE UNITED STATES.
IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

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Austin Baldwin & Co
Baker & Kitchen.
A. Belmont & Co.
Blake Brothers & Co
Brown Brothers & Co
Budge, Schiff & Co.
Cecil, Stoppt & Thayer.
John J. Cisco & Son.
Clark, Dodge & Co.
Henry Clews & Co.
Jay Cooke & Co.
Dabney, Morgan & Co.
Thomas Denny & Co.
Drexel, Winthrop & Co.
Duncan, Sherman & Co.
Fisk & Hatch.
Frank & Gano.
Gibson, Casanova & Co.
Glendinning, Davis & Amory.
Hatch & Foote.
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Elliott, Collins & Co.
Emory, Benson & Co.
Henry L. Fell & Bro.
Geo. Bacon & Co.
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Sailor & Stevenson.
D. C. W. Smith & Co.
Townsend, Whelen & Co.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of last Administration, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, March 1, 1871.
Five twenty six per cent stock	$836,569,500	$1,602,587,350	$1,424,998,900
Other six per cent. stocks	302,301,042	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,770,100	194,587,300	194,587,300
Other five per cent stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000		
Three year six per cent. notes	212,121,470		
Total funded	2,130,784,112	2,107,854,050	1,923,343,700
Greenback notes	$400,114,799	$356,021,973	$356,100,188
Greenback certificates	205,022,045	77,340,000	55,230,000
Gold certificates		21,775,500	29,057,500
Fractional currency	25,750,000	36,781,547	40,573,748
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,604	5,281,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,950,708	499,140,644	484,830,548
Less gold in Treasury	35,537,850	98,741,361	103,174,269
	686,412,858	400,399,283	381,656,279
Less currency balance	81,401,775	16,853,529	20,854,606
Net Treasury circulation	605,211,083	383,545,854	360,801,721
Total principal of debt	$2,753,995,275	$2,491,399,904	$2,283,145,421
Yearly interest, in gold	$94,419,038	$124,255,350	$113,194,942
Yearly interest in currency	67,413,423	2,134,370	1,537,160
Total amount of interest charge	161,832,061	126,389,350	114,832,089

ap15-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Postponed.

An attorney in a Massachusetts court moved that the trial of a case be postponed.

"What do you base your motion on?" inquired the judge.

"May it please your honor," said the follower of Blackstone and the sheriff, "I received a letter from my client a few days since wherein he stated he was dead."

That case was postponed.

His Trouble.

An Englishman, employed in a family living in Cleveland, while dusting in the library, accidentally knocked over a plaster bust of Washington, which, falling on the floor, was broken into a thousand pieces. Shortly after, one of the members of the family found the servant seated in the midst of the fragments and crying bitterly, whereupon the following conversation ensued:-

"John, what is the matter?"

"O! I haccidentally knocked hover this bust while dusting, hand hit's hall broken to pieces," said John.

"Well, never mind, it didn't cost much."

"Hit hisn't the cost hi'm thinking hoff, but the *disrespect to the man.*"

Seeing is Believing.

A notorious scamp was once brought before an Onondaga justice of the peace. He was accused of having "come the 'strap game'" over a native. The portly justice, wishing to decide understandingly, asked to see a sample of his skill. "The party" instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the table, and remarked—

"You see, judge the quarter under the strap?"

"What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a quarter under there?"

"Sartin!" was the reply.

"No such thing," said the justice.

"I'll go you a dollar on it," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Agreed!" said the justice.

With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when lo! there was the quarter.

"Well," said the astonished Shallow. "I should not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. Here is your dollar—and you are fined five dollars for gambling, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

The elongated countenance of the gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of "the sell."

A Shrewd Beggar.

A gentleman, while walking with two ladies through one of the principal streets of Liverpool, saw a beggar approach. One of the ladies, who had evidently seen the mendicant before, said—

"This is the most singular man I ever heard of. No matter how much money you give him, he always returns the change, and never keeps more than a penny."

"Why what a fool he must be!" remarked the gentleman. "But I'll try him, and put him to a little trouble." So saying, the gentleman drew from his pocket a sovereign, which he dropped into the beggar's hat. The mendicant turned the coin over two or three times, examined it closely, and then, raising his eyes to the countenance of the benevolent man, said—

"Well, I'll not adhere to my usual custom in this case. I'll keep it all this time; but don't do it again."

The donor opened his eyes in astonishment and passed on—while the ladies smiled with delight.

New Application of a Rule of Syntax.

Widower A.—Mrs. B., I believe you have been a teacher?

Widow B.—Yes, I spent several years in teaching.

Widower A.—Do you remember the rule in reference to "Two negatives?"

Widow B.—Yes; two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative.

Widower A.—You suppose that to apply to all cases?

Widow B.—I know of no exception.

Widower A.—Well, then, if we should put our two sorrows together, would not they be equivalent to one joy?

Widow B.—(slightly coloring.)—I had not thought of that; but it is possible.

A LAWYER recently defended a man who had stolen a chicken from a farm-yard. He said his client was insane.

"I do not see in this theft anything that would account for the insanity of the prisoner," remarked the judge.

"I beg your pardon," replied the lawyer, "this poor fellow is certainly insane. He stole a poor skinny chicken, when he might have taken a nice fat pig."

A BIT OF CONTENTION.—Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that!" Quilp was properly informed that he was a brute.

A COUNTRY DEACON went home, one evening, and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. One of the neighbors, he said, called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble!" replied the husband; "that's just what I did do: I told him to prove it—*and he did prove it!*"

HIS REASON.—The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered "No." "What is the reason you will not kiss me?" "I'm too little to kiss you; papa will kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls." He was permitted to play with his Christmas tree.

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '68, and palsied be mine arm if I forsake 'em!"

"You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

☞ Snipes are plentiful in Kentucky.

☞ Fruit shops announce "fresh cucumbers every day." Nothing seems to be out of season now.

A GENERAL SALUTE.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL, *(thinks.)*—"Now, what the dooce can these Sympson gals mean by smiling in that ridiculous manner?"

Secrets of Beauty.

What is beauty? A divine gift, that Providence bestows on woman, with which to gladden the eye and heart of man! Have not poets sung it from eldest times? Do they not sing it still? Then be not callous, you who possess it, but hold it fast while it is yours; once lost, it can never be restored, for Nature punishes those who neglect her choicest boon by taking it from them, often when most needed. Again, what is beauty? Is it the hair, the eye, the teeth, the hand? Is it all these—and more than all—it is complexion. With a soft peach-like complexion, whether fair or dark, a woman is always lovely; and this may be preserved till a good old age with very little trouble; to a certain extent is may be acquired, and it can always be improved. How? We will tell you.

First of all, beware of cosmetics of any kind. We fancy we see a whole array of *cosmetiquers* glaring at us with savage eyes, though at the same time they inwardly acknowledge the justice of the warning. It is said in France "that the use of cosmetics was introduced by the English." Can that be true? Can the women whose complexions are the boast of the world, really have been the first to use poisonous anguents on the skin? We would rather not believe it. It is also said "that the constant application of cold cream to the face is injurious, and lays the foundation of skin diseases, which scarcely anything can afterwards eradicate." The same authority goes on to say "that had cold cream found its way into France during the reign of Henry III., he would have preached a new crusade against it"—a crusade in which every woman of the period would have enlisted. Women know what beauty meant in those days; they studied it with heart and main, and, it is justice to say, they brought their study to a perfection which it has seldom since attained. Nothing could have induced them to daub *their* faces with animal grease! It was not that they did not have recourse to cosmetics; on the contrary, they were fearless in their use; but not one particle of animal substance entered into them. Italy was at that time the depot of the oils and essences which figured on ladies' toilet-tables, but they were composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, and though in some instances they might be injurious, they were not poisonous, as animal matter too often is.

Skins, however, differ: some are cold, soft, and moist; others are warm, firm, and porous; some are oily, some dry. They equally vary in thickness, color, and elasticity; but in any case they should never come in contact with animal grease. Imagine for yourselves, ladies, the danger of stopping up the pores of your skin with the fat of animals, perhaps diseased! The idea is as unhome as that of sleeping with slices of uncooked beef on your cheeks, which some misguided women have been foolishly induced to try. What are you to use, if you may not use cold cream? you say. There is an answer to that question, as to all others: search Nature. Take the oil and juice of vegetables—they never hurt. Indeed, fresh olive oil is the unction above all others to soften the skin. Rub the face gently every night with it, and you will soon find the skin become impervious to storm and blast. The ancient Greeks knew the value of oil to the skin, and used it freely for beauty to the skin and pliability to the muscles. Naturally oily skins should avoid ointments of all descriptions. A few drops of camphor, diluted in water, will be found more efficacious than powdered fuller's earth puffed on the face after washing. Exposure to the sun is very beneficial to the skin, though the ladies object to the tanning it produces. It was on this account that masks used to be worn in the streets at one time. Some ladies, it is said, carried the mask mania so far as to sleep in masks. Marguerite de Navarre was one of these; Henry IV. expostulated in vain, but Marguerite preferred losing her husband to losing her mask. Indeed, it played a not unimportant part in their subsequent divorce. This shows the folly of the whim, for a mask could only check perspiration, and would be most injurious to the wearer in many ways; in fact it only deserves mention to be condemned.

It was not to such tricks that Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, resorted to preserve her beauty to the age of three score years and ten, she who at sixty-five rode on horseback like a girl! This remarkable woman was a celebrated beauty in an age of beauties, yet, strange to say, no historian has ever given details of those wondrous charms which captivated two kings, one of them fifteen years her junior in age. We do not even know whether her eyes were blue or black, whether her hair was light or dark; we only know that she was the loveliest woman at a Court of lovely women, and that at an age when most women are shrivelled specimens of ugliness. People said she possessed a secret that rendered her thus impervious to the ravages of time. Some went so far as to say in that superstitious age that she had bought her secret from a very dark gentleman indeed! What was this secret, then? Did she ever tell it? Never. Did any one ever know it? Yes, her perfumer. Did he never tell it? Not during her life. It is known then? It is for those who have the patience to wade through musty manuscripts and books. May we not know it? You will only smile and disbelieve! Try. Good then, we will translate Maitre Oudard's own words to you:—"I, Oudard, apothecary, surgeon, and perfumer, do here declare on my faith and on the memory of my late honored and much beloved mistress, Madame Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, that the only secret she possessed, with which to be and remain in perfect health, youth, and beauty to the age of seventy-two, was—*Rain Water!* And, in truth, I assert that there is nothing in the world like this same Rain Water, a constant use of which is imperative to render the skin soft and downy, or to freshen the color, or to cleanse the pores of the skin, or to make beauty last as long as life!"

Thus, the only service which Maitre Oudard rendered his illustrious mistress was to gather the rain water for her, bottle it, and seal it up, to be in readiness in case of scarcity of rain. So all these bottles of *philtres* which daily arrived from the great perfumer, to the still greater lady, only contained *rain water!* Is that possible? Maitre Oudard says it is. We had intended to give you a hundred or more recipes, but space fails: we cannot conclude, however, without adding that Diana always took an hour's outdoor exercise before the morning dew had left the ground! If any of our readers will follow her example in this, they also like her will be "beautiful forever," without Madame Rachel's aid. Would the sacrifice of an hour in the morning be too great? We fear it would.

The Death-Watch.

Probably most people have heard the ticking sounds in the walls, especially of old houses, exactly resembling the ticking of a watch, and to which has been given the ominous title of the Death-watch. It is now pretty well determined, that this sound is produced by two very different kinds of insects; one a small insect belonging to the Neuropterous genus *Psocus*, which is the one spoken of by Harris, and the other a small beetle, referred to by Webster, belonging to the genus *Anobium* in the family of *Ptinida*. As these sounds are usually heard at the pairing season in the spring, it has been conjectured that they are a love call between the sexes; somewhat analagous to the drumming of the partridge.

The manner in which this sound is produced is not very well understood. Some have described it as being caused by the insect striking its jaws upon the surface on which it stands; but Mr. Westwood came to the conclusion, from a long series of observations, that it is produced by the larva gnawing their way through the wood on which they feed.

This systematic sound, produced by an unseen cause, was regarded in former and more superstitious times, as the warning of some mysterious power, betokening death in the family. It is surprising how widely this superstition has prevailed. The poet Gay alludes to it in the following line:

"The solemn Death-watch clicked the hour she died."

It thus appears that these obscure insects were really the first spirit-rappers; and if there be any honor attached to that priority, it should be fairly allotted to them.

SPRING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY S. M. HALL.

Again the balmy breezes blow
Through all the smiling land;
The flowers with brightest colors glow,
And the waters with a full sweet flow,
Slip o'er the sparkling sand.

She bids her birds return and sing;
The fairest of the year,
The spells her rosy fingers fling
Fall on each chill and frost-bound thing:
Sweet Spring, glad Spring is here!

Then let me lie beneath the trees,
In the sweet scented shade,
And listen to the birds and bees,
While sorrow from my bosom flees,
And every care is laid.

Here will I lie and dream again
The dreams my boyhood knew,
Until from manhood's rude disdain,
And from life's absorbing pain,
Those early visions flow.

The Red Light.

A young man living at Kingston, New York, went to see his girl, and when he started for home, the night being dark, his inamorato gave him a red paper lantern to light his lonely way. He took the railroad-track, and was walking leisurely along, his mind, no doubt, filled with agreeable thoughts of the fair one he had just left, when his revery was ended by some one in the rear, who gave the Chinese lantern a kick and sent it flying.

"Confound you," said the person from behind, "here I've been slowing my train for the last two hours on account of that red light."

And looking behind him, the young man saw a freight train, whose conductor had disturbed his meditations.

☞ A live eel, weighing four and one-half pounds, and measuring thirty seven and one-half inches in length and eight inches in circumference, was taken from a hydrant in Boston.

AGRICULTURAL.

Give the Boys a Chance.

One of the surest methods of attaching a boy to the farm, is to let him have something upon it for his own. Give him a small plot of ground to cultivate, allowing him the proceeds for his own use. Let him have his steers to break, or his sheep to care for. The ownership of even a fruit tree, planted, pruned and brought to bearing by his own hands, will inspire him with an interest that no more reward or wages can give. In addition to the cultivation of taste for farm life which such a course will cultivate, the practical knowledge gained by the boy will be of the highest value. Being interested, he will be more observant, and will thoroughly learn whatever is necessary for his success.

Another and equally important advantage will be the accustoming him early to feel responsibility. Many young men, though well acquainted with all the manual operations of the farm, fail utterly when entrusted with the management of an estate, from want of experience in planning for themselves. It is much better that responsibility should be gradually assumed, than that a young man should be first thrown upon himself on attaining his majority.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

Sodding.

Thousands of dollars are expended every year in sodding spaces in yards, gardens, &c., where hundreds of dollars would more than pay and secure a much better sod. Instead of hauling turf sometimes for a mile or more, containing generally old weeds and varieties of coarse grasses which injure the appearance of the grass-plat, prepare the ground as for a garden-crop and sow the fine mixed seeds prepared for lawns and to be purchased at the agricultural and our best grocery stores. In a month the plat will be a beautiful, fresh green, and in two or three months it will be all that the most fastidious could desire, and incomparably superior to any old turf. Such a grass-plat or lawn can be secured with a tithe of the trouble and expense of the old, worn-out weedy sod.

SENSIBLE.—Corn should never be planted when the ground is cold. When the thermometer has ranged from seventy to eighty degrees, for two days in succession, and the ground is dry, it is safe to plant even if it is somewhat early. But when the thermometer is below sixty degrees, and a man is obliged to wear mittens, the corn is better off in the granary than in the ground.

THE POTATO.—Be careful to secure sound, well-ripened seed, whether large or small, the condition being of vastly more consequence than the size; cut the large potato into pieces of one eye. Begin at the butt end; cut towards the centre, leaving a due proportion of the potato with each eye. Very small potatoes may be quartered, cutting from the seed to the stem. We prefer the hill method to drills.

THE KIBDLER.

Dramatic Enigma.

I am composed of 89 letters.

My 65, 86, 67, 19, 74, 7, 29, 34, is a character in "The Tempest."

My 68, 72, 40, 1, 75, is a character in "Inkle and Yarico."

My 45, 88, 54, 70, is a bird mentioned in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

My 69, 83, 77, 52, 14, 64, 23, 89, 47, 62, 85, 39, is a character in "Jane Shore."

My 61, 43, 53, 60, 6, 47, is the name of a theatre in London.

My 5, 50, 17, 63, 56, 80, 84, is a character in "George Barnwell."

My 59, 57, 40, 78, 4, 48, is a character in "Romeo and Juliet."

My 13, 49, 8, 46, 20, 29, 82, 51, 28, is a character in "The Critic."

My 42, 26, 19, 71, 44, 35, 89, 82, 4, 69, 15, 38, was the author of "Alexander the Great."

My 10, 67, 50, 45, 21, 76, 79, 55, is a character in "Winter's Tale."

My 39, 21, 86, 24, 3, 30, 27, 2, 18, 23, 87, 77, 25, 11, 33, 7, is a character in "The School for Scandal."

My 31, 4, 66, 90, 73, 41, 1, 18, 88, is a character in "All for Love."

My 40, 14, 2, 81, 7, 8, 16, 58, 19, 9, is one of Shakspeare's plays.

My whole is a sentence from "Pizarro."

MARY E. BENSON.

Louisville, Ky.

Charade.

I am composed of four sylables.

My 1st is an error.

My 2d is often applied to little girls, much to their discomfort.

My 3d is a slight taste.

My 4th is an article of food.

My whole is a state. U. C.

Cincinnati, O.

Mathematical Problem.

Three equal circles, 100 feet in diameter, touch each other externally, and three other equal circles are drawn in the space included by them, each touching the other two and two of the given circles. Required—the radii of the inscribed circles.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a concert-singer silent? Ans.—When he holds his piece.

☞ Why is the fashionable lady a prudent one? Ans.—Because she tries to make her *waist* as small as possible.

☞ When is a ship like a scarf-pin? Ans.—When it's on the bosom of a heavy swell.

☞ When is an ox not an ox? Ans.—When it is turned into a meadow.

☞ Why is a swallow like a chimney? Ans.—Because both have a crooked flue.

☞ When is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Ans.—Because when he goes to bed he's sure to have somebody to wrap him up.

☞ Why was Eve Low-Church before the fall, and High-Church after? Ans.—Before, she was Eve-angelical, and after she took to vestments.

☞ What was the first instance on record of trust. Ans.—The moon, she shines with borrowed light.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Sweet William. "A man may smile and be a villain too." RIDDLE.—April. Ape—Rill.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of Feb. 4th.—A, 72 years; B, 60 years; C, 48 years; D, 24 years. Delta, D. Diefenbach, George W. Sublette, Veritas, O. B. Sheldon.

Answer to Elbert Place's PROBLEM of February 11th.—$3.23554, $4.02584, $5.21534 Chains. Elbert Place, Joseph S. Phebus, C. Hornung.

R. H. Young was not credited with his answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of January 7th.—A's share, $04.06¼; B's, $32.06¼; C's, $10.06¼; D's, $8.06¼; E's, $4.06¼; F's, $2.06¼; G's, $1.06¼; H's, .56¼.

RECEIPTS.

A GERMAN ENTREMET.—Boil eight eggs quite hard, and when cold cut them in two lengthwise. Take the yolks out very carefully, pass them through a fine sieve, and mix them well with half a pint of cream (or more if required), and then add pepper, salt, and herbs. Pour this sauce into a very flat pie-dish that will stand heat, and place the white half eggs carefully in it, arranging them in the form of a star or any other pattern preferred. Fill up the vacancy left in them by the yolks having been removed, with the same mixture, and strew a few bread-crumbs over them. Bake this very slightly, just enough to give it a bright yellow color, and serve it up in the dish in which it has been baked.

THE breast of veal, though far from profitable, is very savory. Paper the joint, and roast for about an hour and a half. Serve with gravy and melted butter. The sweetbread may be skewered to the breast, and roasted at the same time.

LEMON SPONGE.—One great packet of gelatine, add 1 pint of cold water, let it stand five minutes, then dissolve over the fire with the rind of two lemons pared very thinly; add ¾lb. of sugar and the juice of 4 lemons. Boil all together two or three minutes; strain, and let it remain till cold and beginning to set; add the whites of 3 eggs well beaten, whisk it ten minutes, when it will become the consistence of sponge; put it into a mould.